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NEW STATESMAN

LABOUR'S CRISIS CONFERENCE

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Chuck It, Kissinger

Dr Kissinger, the international magician with a box of tricks for every occasion, has found once again that his spells fade fast. No sooner had he left Africa than his delicate agreement quite rightly and unsurprisingly started to fall apart. The only person who seems to remain hypnotised besides Dr Kissinger himself is Mr Joshua Nkomo, eager for power on almost any terms just as he was at the time of the 1960-61 Rhodesian constitutional conference. In those days majority rule was 15 years away. It may be yet. Clearly two weeks is not enough for any man to patch over the legacy of a century's colonialism, or simply to work out the mechanics of a transition of power agreed in principle by all sides. The sole substantial outcome of Kissinger's scramble around Africa is that Smith has accepted majority rule in principle. But even here the preconditions on the cessation of fighting are so troublesome that Smith may yet wriggle out from under, just as he did with Wilson so many times. The guerrillas for their part feel that the rainy fighting season – and history – will soon be with them.

Those who praise Dr Kissinger and see majority rule in two years as a self-explanatory panacea, or even as a step towards self-determination in the whole of the African continent, are surrendering to the flabbiest form of wish-fulfilment. We should be perfectly clear about Dr Kissinger's motives. The manner in which power is transferred to the black majority in Rhodesia directly affects the fate of South Africa. Kissinger is not running a free negotiation service just to display the arts of conciliation.

He is, in effect, carrying out the foreign policy of South Africa and for broadly the same reasons – the preservation of white rule in the richest country in Africa with the heaviest degree of Western investment. Until the collapse of Portuguese power in Angola, Kissinger's domino nightmare had not moved from Asia to haunt him in Africa. But then suddenly that continent was awash with Cubans and Russian arms; and suddenly America had a public foreign policy in Africa. Having belatedly financed the wrong side in Angola, Kissinger is now trying to control the inevitable transfer of power in Rhodesia. In the process he is willing to pay the price of raising the grubby figure of Vorster to the status of a Jan Christian Smuts.

Moreover, by speeding up the timetable in Rhodesia Kissinger hopes to buy time for the racists in Pretoria who realise that a violent overthrow to their north would be dangerous to their own position. For one thing, Vorster might be pushed by such an occurrence, and the reaction to it in his own country, into defence of the whites in Rhodesia and then a continental war. South Africa, disregarding ideological sympathies, has decided over the past two years to abandon Smith, given Smith's reluctance to stand down himself. The Salisbury regime is no longer serving a role either as an export market or a security buffer for South Africa. Indeed, in the National Party's eyes, Rhodesia's strangled and stagnant economy has become a positive liability; militarily and diplomatically, the preservation of white rule is a stumbling block to Vorster's recent attempts to test the possibility of a peaceful coexistence between an isolated white South Africa and black Africa. In his talks with Kaunda at Victoria Falls last year he may have hoped that Zambia and the other African states would feel ambivalent to the looming prospect of a wealthy black South African state dominating all other member states of the OAU. But confronted by civil unrest at home, Vorster needed little pushing from Kissinger to pressure Smith into resignation, and then get on with the task of putting his own house in order and stabilising relations with the African states.

Last and least has been the demeaning sight of the British Foreign Office running with all its might to avoid our commitment to oversee a decent settlement in Rhodesia. The fact that the frontline states had to demand that the constitutional talks be held in London is symptomatic of Britain's half-hearted attitude these past 11 years. By acting as though the talks were not our affair, and by trying to keep our hands unseemingly clean, we in effect legalise a regime that for too long has been an ugly appendage to the last years of Britain's empire.

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Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

Is This Mr Benn's Party?

The policy of this column is to give credit where credit is due, and not otherwise. No credit, therefore, is given to Jim Callaghan, for a wretched speech, wretchedly delivered on Tuesday, in which he departed from the prepared text to declare: 'I don't care what economic system we live in.' A fatal pause allowed the authenticity of the remark to sink in. Yet it often seemed as if the audience was embarrassed for Jim, wanting him to do better. He quoted a poem: 'A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?' Callaghan's grasp turns out to be pitifully short. No doubt he was in a panic about the pound but that does not excuse the atrocious quality of the text.

Credit is, on the other hand, due to Tony Benn. Indeed, this column has unanimously resolved that Benn is a good thing, one of the better things we have. I came up to Blackpool on the train with two of his supporters, one of whom said: 'It's going to be a cynical conference – at least you'll have to be a cynic to stay sane till the end of the week.' I thought I agreed but I have found instead that Blackpool has been full of interest, an absorbing study in the conflict between party and government, between the Left and the Right.

There was Benn in his hotel room, enthusing over the arrangements for tea-making, as he squeezed the goodness from the tea-bag and offered drink from an altruistic bar. Outside, the illuminations shone through the downpour, trunks waved, and horrifying jaws moved open and shut. Inside, everything was energy and optimism, delight at being in Blackpool, eager anticipation of the conference, invincible enjoyment. I went away assured that everything was going to be absolutely fine.

For the definition of Bennery is optimism – optimism of the intellect, optimism of the will. And it makes a pleasant change from the normal discourse of the Left: You do not think, after talking to Benn, that the whole Left is going to be defeated, rounded up and shot. That's Eric Heffer's style. In Benn's view, the future favours, and will justify, the Left. After the era of Gaitskell, who tried to dispense with the idea of socialism, and Wilson, who tried at first to do without the unions, we have come to a period in which the Labour Party is rediscovering its true identity. Already the unions have been 'wired in' to government again. Now comes the return to socialism.

Benn really sees it as a return. If you consider the Labour tradition to be like a sedimentary rock, he says, and you drill down from the present period, through the fossilised bodies of the Marquands, the Hattersleys, the Jenkinses and Gaitskells, you come to a level at which the party was united. The undisputed tenets of that time are the left-wing beliefs of today. Bennery does not exist, says Benn; it is nothing more than Clemmery, or Morrisonery. Throughout the summer he has been going through his father's documents, collecting items which substantiate his thesis. He is working on the history of the Thirties and Forties, and his speeches are dotted with references to the party of that period.

I do not know whether Benn is as objective as he imagines. Michael Foot is a little sceptical about the parallel drawn between the Thirties and the present day. As he told me over lunch (a couple of whelks and a winkle): 'Benn calls it Clemmery because in the Thirties Clem called for the nationalisation of the banks. But that doesn't mean that Clem meant what he said.' Certainly there is an element of paradox in Benn's view of history. He has revived Gaitskell, an early, passionate young Gaitskell who defended nationalisation against Churchill in the Commons. The great Benn paradox is that Bennery/Clemmery should unite, rather than divide, the party. The unity of the party is everything. 'We do not wish to reopen old wounds,' he says, reassuringly.

But it is not just a question of a return to the Thirties. In Benn's view what killed off the 1945-51 Labour Government was partly the Cold War, and the feeling that a certain kind of nationalisation would lead inevitably to Stalinism. To distinguish ourselves from the dictators (a phrase I have borrowed from Callaghan) we must make democracy and participation paramount. Benn is also determined to prevent the Labour Party Left/Right division from becoming static. Just as he enjoys reviving a left-wing Gaitskell, so he would like to have the present right-wingers working in the areas in which they are most radical. He admires Dr David Owen's work in the Department of Health, for instance. He would like to have seen Roy Hattersley as Secretary of State for Education (a pity Hattersley didn't throw his weight behind Benn in the leadership election – he might be there by now). As for the more extreme cases, Benn notes that it is they, rather than the Left, who have a tendency to resign. If you wait around long enough, they just drop off the twig. He reeled off a list of such people, from Hartley Shawcross to Roy Jenkins, with something that seemed very much like relish.

The next bird to drop off the twig, of course, will be Reg Prentice, and a pathetic sight he is too, as he twitters and flutters, trying to keep his balance. Callaghan chose exactly the right moment to put the knife into Prentice – that is one thing that he is very good at. He characteristically waited until even those who had supported Prentice on the NEC (Tom Bradley, Shirley Williams) were getting fed up with the wearisome, Methodist ranter. Then he broadcast his displeasure, to the delight of Left and Right. Prentice is already a figure of the past. It is amusing to recall that he was once described (I think by Anthony Shrimsley) as an 'underground Gunter' – and in those days that was praise indeed. Yet it is not just Prentice, but the whole Right of the party, that is in decline.

Where are they? They are hardly addressing any meetings here in Blackpool. They have not distinguished themselves either from the platform or from the floor of the conference. And where, most interestingly of all, is Denis Healey? I know what you'll say – there's a terrible run on the pound, and anyway Healey was supposed to be on his way to the IMF. Yet the IMF often clashes with the Labour conference, and a Chancellor can normally afford to attend, dramatically, for one day. Healey's decision not to attend, and indeed to take in Hong Kong on his now thwarted way to Manila, was known for some time in advance. It upset Transport House, it has angered the unions and the party. It may very well have blighted Healey's career.

The decision that Healey should not come to conference must, simply must, have been agreed with the Prime Minister. You could plump for a simple explanation – Healey was scared, put his foot down, and Callaghan gave him enough rope to hang himself. (By his foot.) Or you could go for the explanation provided by the Left, which runs like this. The appearance of Healey at the conference would be an embarrassment to Healey (he might not be able to speak from the platform, he might get a bad reception, he might lose his temper), an embarrassment to Callaghan (he would have to support his Chancellor and thus polarise the conference further, whereas he wanted to keep things as calm as possible) and derogatory to sterling.

Well, what sort of Chancellor is it who cannot face his own party? And what sort of conference is it that must be slighted in this way? It is a principle of Bennery, a principle which one might say comes dangerously close to demagogy, that conference has almost always been ahead of Labour governments in the past, and that its arguments are regularly justified in the event. If, as seems likely, the policies of Healey are on the verge of collapse, then it is no wonder that the Right are in a state of depression. Tony Benn and the Left may very soon receive the terrible justification they expect.

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Bruce Palling

Rhodesian Myths and Realities

Britain already has its place in the life of black Rhodesia. During a rare trip to one of the score or so protected villages in the north-eastern operational area, one correspondent noticed a frantic commotion between the barbed wire and the utilitarian huts. There, half-a-dozen or more shabbily clad villagers were jiving and shaking, as they can only in Africa, to the sounds of reggae music. After a suitable pause and crackle, a narrator intoned: 'This is the African service of the BBC.'

Whether Britain has a more substantial role to play in the next few weeks is a matter of some conjecture. After getting off to a restrained start following Prime Minister Ian Smith's capitulation speech, the various African Nationalist groups have uncovered serious hitches in the proposals. Speculation and gossip during the brief Kissinger shuttle in Southern Africa indicated that a constitutional conference would indeed be held in London and that Britain would occupy the chair and act as arbiter should deadlocks arise.

Instead the Smith speech said the constitution will be promulgated inside Rhodesia by a Council of State which will have a white chairman and equal numbers of black and white delegates. It will require a two-thirds majority to pass contentious clauses. This gives both sides the right of indefinite blockage – a state of affairs which could prolong the interim government's life indefinitely. Naturally, Nationalists of all shades and hues are reluctant to enter into negotiations inside the country when there is no mention of any higher body to appeal to or enforce the agreement in the event of a deadlock.

It is this, plus the solemn Smith declaration that he has never opposed majority rule as long as it was 'responsible', that has caused most of the doubts among both blacks and whites about a smooth transition to majority rule. As one lawyer remarked, Smith's face in the past few days has not been that of a defeated man. True to his usual form, Foreign Affairs Minister P. K. van der Byl made the quotable remark that his government would find its own blacks to negotiate with if the Nationalists became too stroppy.

There is little doubt that the Smith government was force-fed the settlement terms by pressures from both Vorster and Kissinger. But it is still premature to think that in two years' time the flag will be lowered and, after polite applause, the Republic of Zimbabwe will take up the slack. It is true that a surprisingly large number of whites have fallen into dumb acceptance of black rule in this time period – an amazing *volte face* when it is remembered that only a fortnight ago it was impossible to imagine the 600 rank-and-file delegates to the Rhodesian Front's annual congress in Umtali accepting majority rule even in five years' time.

The response of the two African National Council factions differed considerably – which is not surprising as Joshua Nkomo seems to have been uppermost in Kissinger's mind when considering a likely black leader to inherit the country. While the Nkomo faction did mention that there were 'flaws' in the settlement proposals, they did not attack it with the vigour of the former ZANU section of the ANC, who alleged it would merely perpetuate colonialism in another form. ZANU, of course, has the other added problem of sorting out its leadership struggle – or rather of coming to terms with Robert Mugabe, the party's secretary-general, who has been in Mozambique off and on during the past year and is generally credited with having the trust and support of the Rhodesian guerrillas based there. From Joshua Nkomo's statements during his recent return trips here in the past week,

Blackpool Shuttle

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it seems clear that the Americans and British have reconciled themselves to having Mugabe included in the agreement, but Mugabe himself sees more to be gained by holding out for stronger terms and sustaining the guerrilla war.

What is conveniently forgotten by the white 'rejectionists' is just how parlous their future really is. According to a steady flow of leaks from Rhodesian Front MPs, the capitulation by Smith was forced upon him by Vorster's decision to put the screws on the already clogged railway lines which run through Botswana and South Africa into Rhodesia. The Rhodesian Minister of Finance, David Smith, also reportedly told the Front's Umtali congress that the entire country would be 'bust' by the end of the year and that it would not be capable of purchasing more military equipment (even should it suddenly become available). Add to this the inevitable escalation of guerrilla activity in the coming wet season, plus Kissinger's indirect threats to back financially the five 'front-line presidents', and it is easier to comprehend the Government's turnaround. Unfortunately for the white government, they are not the only ones privy to this near-disaster state of affairs. Accordingly, there is every reason for the black Nationalists and the presidents to continue fighting until they get the terms they want.

One unrealistic hope among some white diehards is that both Smith and Kissinger realise that this whole exercise is doomed to collapse and failure and that, once this happens, the United States and Britain will brush aside the irresponsible guerrillas and Nationalists and start a massive economic and military shoring up of the much maligned white government. The catch with this theory is that the whites here forget that the United States has an interest in preserving its influence with certain black governments in the region and would certainly have more to gain by nurturing a less efficient pro-Western black government than by bank-rolling a bankrupt white one.

The only segment of society positively made ebullient by the current settlement talk is Salisbury's business community. It visualises a return of foreign investment and sizeable loans peeping over the horizon. For British firms there is the appetising prospect of tens of millions of Rhodesian dollar profits frozen since UDI being released by the lifting of sanctions. The end of sanctions would also enable industrial plants and large farms to replace their antiquated machinery as well as providing a large number of exporters with the opportunity to resume trade with surrounding countries. The white stockbrokers and factory-owners still believe they are indispensable to any new black government. At worst, most businessmen concede they will have to make hefty wage increases to their black employees and introduce a few more than the existing token number into senior management.

One of the biggest lures for the European population is the prospect of approximately $2,000m. being available in the form of an internationally guaranteed trust fund should the whites eventually have their assets destroyed or confiscated by a black government. One hopeful emigrant inquired last weekend if he would be eligible for compensation even though he did not have any assets in the country. But the whole trust fund scheme may turn out to be a mistake. One white Opposition politician remarked that at present Rhodesia is a vast estate with the blacks serving the whites: 'Psychologically and politically, the trust fund is creating a sitting duck as a target – you are guaranteeing indefinitely the privileges of an elite who have been looked upon by the Africans as their oppressors since their country was occupied by the whites.' He did not mean that some form of guarantee could not be used to persuade people to remain, merely that the present scheme encourages people to stay, even if they are totally hostile to accepting the new realities.

The innate belief in their own way of life continuing under a black government has meant that many of the country's quarter of a million whites have no idea that black rule means more than simply having a few dozen Africans instead of themselves sitting in Parliament. So far, the realities have not sunk in. This is more a tribute to Prime Minister Smith's powers of persuasion among his own electorate than any harbinger of a smooth and orderly path ahead.

Salisbury

Alexander Cockburn

Getting Carter

I suppose we have the Christmas bombing of Lusaka to look forward to, at least on the analogy of what happened last time Henry Kissinger returned from foreign parts in an election year saying 'Peace is at hand'. And, indeed, Kissinger may even have fostered a spirit of unity among whites and blacks in Southern Africa, since they must now realise that he lied to all of them without fear or favour. But, excluding Kissinger's manoeuvres in Africa, it must be said that the presidential campaign is presently moving forward on a quite notably unstimulating level. This lack of stimulus is being clearly sensed by the American people who, on the evidence of all the data now available, will proceed to the polls in November in fewer numbers than ever before in American history.

It took the 'Great Debate' last week between Ford and Carter to make plain the extraordinary gutless level of this particular bout of the democratic process. As Arthur Schlesinger Jr remarked this week, it appeared as though the two candidates were fighting it out for the chairmanship of the House Ways and Means Committee. They spouted numbers like auctioneers at an art sale. On my count Ford produced no fewer than 97 different statistics, Carter 88. All this to prove that they are both qualified to run the nation's business. Amid the wild talk of $60,000m. Budget surpluses by 1980 neither candidates nor journalistic interrogators found time to deal with the problems of American cities, or the situation of the blacks, indeed of minorities in general. And this in a debate on domestic issues: the rigidly formalised proceedings were actually most reminiscent of classical French drama, with the participants staring joylessly in front of them as they mechanically offered their lines. Even the 27-minute gap – the sort of thing to which the American people became inured during Watergate – produced no onset of humour or relaxation. For almost half an hour about 60 million Americans watched the aspirants to the presidency reduced to immobile silence, as though they, too, were merely adjuncts of the electronic system which had so suddenly collapsed.

In the case of President Ford this conservative attitude to the unexpected was less surprising. His White House trainers had prepared him thoroughly for the debate, rehearsing him in no fewer than three simulations of the real thing. As a matter of fact he looked slightly like Baron Frankenstein's monster on the television screen, powerful hands gripping a rostrum cleared of water jugs and other breakables, bony cranium mounted on an unbending spine. And avoiding Frankenstein's errors, these trainers have kept Ford on a close leash through most of the campaign to date, allowing him only an occasional 'presidential' amble to the Rose Garden to sign appealing pieces of legislation.

Earlier this week he had a brief rampage in the South, telling the citizens of Biloxi, Mississippi, that he didn't believe 'law-abiding citizens should be deprived of firearms for their personal, national protection', before proceeding to Mobile, Alabama, where he at least had the good taste not to talk about guns in front of Governor George Wallace. Such excesses aside, Ford has not made many mistakes, or at least has not been given the chance to make them. In this sense – again as polls now demonstrate – he was a clear winner in the debate, renewing the faith of his supporters and outstripping Carter in attracting the affections of uncommitted voters.

For Carter the debate was merely the bleak terminus to a bad couple of weeks. The reasons for his conversion in status from 'certain winner' to virtual underdog (from which position he might once again win the sympathy of journalists and voters) must be clearly distinguished. It is becoming clear that Carter is, in the American phrase, a good deal more 'flaky' than had previously been appreciated. In other words, he is fully capable of making errors of judgment automatically avoided by most American politicians. The famous interview in *Playboy* is the most signal example. The remarks for which Carter has been apologising ever since come in the last few inches of a serious nine-page colloquy. And they are entirely unexceptionable. Bob Scheer, a 1960's-vintage radical who conducted the interview, told me last week that Carter made them casually under the gaze of one of his press secretaries. Offered a

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chance to review the transcript, Carter's people thought such scrutiny not worth the bother. Carter simply thought that his view on unconsummated lust and the forgiveness of adulterers were not excessively momentous. More bizarrely he also seemed to feel that the statement that 'I don't think I would ever take on the same frame of mind that Nixon or Johnson did – lying, cheating and distorting the truth' would not hurt him with the voters in Texas.

The press took quite a different view of these rather appealing sentiments, roasted him over three days for expressing them and added for good measure that no self-respecting politician should have given an interview to *Playboy* in the first place. (Carter's campaign manager had told Scheer that what had interested him was *Playboy*'s largely Democratic or independent 20 million readers: no disinterested love of Hugh Hefner there).

In the 'sex' blunders Carter just failed to appreciate the insensate yearning of the press for one colourful word or phrase uttered along the interminable campaign trail. It was his bad luck and bad judgment to have come up with adultery and lust instead of sticking to the high mountain trails of unemployment statistics and the unfulfilled, unlustful yearnings of the American people.

Carter, of course, is hampered by the fact that an organisation well equipped for the lighting sorties of the primaries is proving maladroit at the national level. Thus at the personal, tactical and strategic level he is suddenly disclosed as being vulnerable. With a certain amount of *schadenfreude* the press is now gleefully demolishing a myth largely of its own creation – the computerised, politically masterful Southern schemer, beyond spontaneous tumbles.

So the story of the election for the moment is Ford's comeback from oblivion, his accelerating 'momentum' and the prospect of a tight race. It would be a mistake as yet to start citing the Truman-Dewey peripeteia. Carter could actually lose the popular vote and still win in the electoral college. He still has not managed to destroy his formidable political base in the Southern and border states, along with some of the industrial states. It is, all the same, a measure of his ineffectiveness (as well as of the political ambitions, and hence relative passivity, of Governor Jerry Brown) that California is now up for grabs. Even New York, nurturing another conceivable presidential hopeful for 1980 in the shape of Daniel Patrick Moynihan, is not locked up for the Democrats.

There will be one more set of unemployment statistics before the election which may discountenance Ford. The latest economic indicators show a down-turn. More Americans are below the poverty line than ever before. The farmers, half-buried under hugh surpluses, face poor prices. The Watergate prosecutor has subpoenaed some of Ford's congressional campaign records and the President has had a little – as little as possible – explaining to do about his golfing trips with executives of US Steel, Anaconda copper, Alcoa and other denizens of the *Fortune* 500. Carter may still blow it but he will have to try a lot harder.

New York

Corinna Adam

Germany's Stampede to the Centre

The bulky, middle-aged steward a few yards away is getting restive. His leader, Helmut Kohl, is speaking (shouting hoarsely as it happens) to 12,000 keen Christian Democrats in the vast, spotless Gurga Hall in Essen. But near the steward there is a group of four nonconformists – young men in jeans with a Social Democrat poster, which they occasionally wave above their heads. Sometimes they clap derisively, in the wrong places. They may be only four out of thousands, but they are letting the steward down. Herr Kohl launches into a coda on the subject of the Christian Democrats' determination to protect civil liberties. At the same time the steward launches himself, with three other large men, on the boys, punches them, spits and tears up their poster (a picture of Helmut Schmidt). A few bystanders nod approvingly. 'Out with the communist filth,' says one, almost conversationally, and turns back to applaud Herr Kohl's devotion to the principle of free speech.

Heckling, even of the mildest variety, is not well thought of at German political meetings. If not potentially dangerous, it is regarded as indecorous at least, and not just by the Right: it is equally frowned upon in Social Democrat circles. At a small gathering of a hundred of the Finance Minister Hans Apel's constituents, in a Hamburg suburb, the party activists have seen three 'communists' arrive, and warn Herr Apel of them. The chairman then advises the audience that they are not to make 'electoral propaganda for other parties'. The communists – in this case, members of a small Marxist-Leninist group – play by the rules and remain civilly quiet during Herr Apel's speech, even afterwards confining themselves to some trick questions on the abortion law, which he bats back as he has done a hundred times before. Not that their discomfiture prevents Herr Apel from feeling cross. 'It's always the same,' he says wearily, 'every meeting. It's dull.'

It will astound everyone if, between them all, the small dissident parties of the Left and the Right collect more than 1 per cent of the total vote on Sunday. This time – unlike the elections of the Sixties – the left-wing groups are the more prolix; they continue to barrack both main parties equally, while conserving some strength for large Free Democrat meetings. It is yet another aspect of the consensus which sits heavily on the Federal Republic, yet another proof of what politics in Germany are like – best defined, perhaps, as 'the stampede to the Centre'. The Germans, when they turn west, north or south, seem to look with a mixture of pity, contempt and puzzlement at the rest of Europe (England, Italy and Sweden, in that order). If there are any comparisons to be made, they make them with the United States.

Take flags. On street-corners, trees, lamp posts, cars – it is impossible to escape the ubiquitous black-red-gold stripes. In patriotic competition, all three main parties chose the flag for their symbol, and repeat it endlessly on stickers, T-shirts, leaflets, mugs, posters. The SPD colours form billowing curves; the CDU arranges them in a smart, strict rectangle; and as for the ring-holding Free Democrats, the shape of symbol is, suitably, variable. Cynics say the coincidence is merely the result of infighting among admen. Others, equally cynical but more thoughtful, take it as visual proof of the lack of issues in this election, the narrow uninspiring choice between the SPD/FDP coalition and their CDU/CSU opponents. Not the whole truth, perhaps, but part of it: lacking issues, the parties have grasped at personalities.

Given the German electoral system, this is to some extent inevitable anyway. Half the seats in the Bundestag are distributed according to the number of 'second' votes, votes for a party rather than for a particular candidate. It is these second votes which effectively decide which party will be in power. (Indeed, without the party list system, there would be no Free Democrat deputies at all, let alone four senior cabinet ministers – in 30 years, no Free Democrat deputy has got into Parliament on his own personal merits alone.) So, given the importance of the party list, the party itself must be given a recognisable, with luck an irrestible, face. Hence the concentration on the candidates for Chancellor. Hence the way which all those red-gold-black stripes serve not just an earnest of good faith but as a splendid background for the thoughtful, tanned faces of Messrs Helmut Schmidt and Helmut Kohl.

Familiar faces now, but only (in Herr Kohl's case) to Germans, and only at the end of an intensive six-week personality cult. Even today, although Herr Kohl's

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face and voice may be recognisable to his fellow citizens, he is inevitably an unknown quantity in national politics. It is scarcely more than a year since he emerged as a compromise candidate for the leadership, picked as it were by computer-dating, from relative obscurity in the small Catholic state of Rhineland-Palatinate. He talks big (he *is* big, head and shoulders looming over most of his colleagues) but neither his face nor his words prove anything about him, except the obvious fact that he is anti-socialist. He is clumsy, and has a somewhat unlucky turn of phrase. 'What use is the best social security, when the Cossacks are coming?', for instance, or 'We shall fight socialism on land, on sea, and in the air . . .' His meetings have the trappings of power – the brass bands, the young people marching in CDU shirts and white trousers, the fans' football-pitch cries of 'Hel – mut, Hel – mut' – but none of its authority. The puppet-master, or the 'God-father' as *Spiegel* has nicknamed him, is – more than ever – Franz-Josef Strauss.

Now more than ever for one reason above all. This is Herr Strauss's last throw. It is an open question what will happen to the German conservatives if they lose this time, whether some kind of split may not be inevitable. But what matters for Strauss is his age, and his declining popularity. He is not much liked – only 30 per cent of the population 'react positively' to him, according to this week's opinion polls, which give Helmut Schmidt nearly 60 per cent. But, if the CDU/CSU coalition were to win, Strauss almost certainly has the jobs of Finance Minister and Deputy Chancellor in the bag, not to mention considerable influence in Foreign and Home affairs. (The SPD joke is: 'But what will poor Kohl *do* all day?') The men designated for the Foreign and Home Ministries, Karl Carstens and Alfred Dregger, are men after Strauss's heart, younger than he, and free from a disastrous past littered with mistakes the size of Starfighters. Carstens has already declared his intention of tougher policies towards the East; Dregger has publicised plans for increased severity in internal affairs.

Grappling with Ghosts

Of course both these are traditional right-wing reactions, familiar mirrors of West Germany's fear of communism. The election would not be the same without them; a whole dimension would be delivered into the hands of the National Democrats. So far as *Ostpolitik* is concerned, the Christian Democrats are probably fighting a battle which was lost long ago – they are, as one of the Chancellor's aides put it, 'grappling with ghosts'. The Brandt government of 1972 was, after all, voted in (after a campaign which everyone now says ruefully was 'much more interesting') on its Eastern policies. Since then, there have been not just difficulties but deaths, thanks to the East Germans' continued refusal to change their 'shoot first, talk later' rule on the frontier. But eight million West Germans (one in eight of the population) did visit East Germany last year. And they seem to have drawn precisely the conclusions which the Social and Free Democrats wanted. They are gratified to be able to go there and see their cousins; at the same time, they have no intention of living that kind of life.

Internal security is another question, and a more immediate and alarming one. Many right-thinking (in every sense), bourgeois Social Democrats are extremely dubious about the measures introduced in the last few years under the aegis of the FDP Minister of the Interior, Werner Maihofer. (One could go a long way to find someone less suited to the 'soft liberal' label than Herr Maihofer.) Under him, with only token objections from Chancellors Brandt and Schmidt and their cabinets, a great pit has been dug into which increasingly more Left-liberals are falling – the *Radikalenerlass*, or decree against radicals, which prevents politically suspect people from practising their professions or becoming *Beamte* – civil servants with tenure.

Snooping Campaign

There are one and a half million *Beamte* in Germany, and once you reach that plateau, whether as an engine driver or a school-teacher, you are safe for life. Only gross corruption, inefficiency or indecency will prevent you carrying on comfortably to the grave. But in order to become a *Beamter* you have to swear an oath of allegiance to the constitution, and your fitness to do so may be questioned. In the last five or six years snooping has been actively encouraged. Teachers have been refused jobs merely on the grounds that as students they attended meetings of which the authorities took a poor view; doctors think twice about complaining about maladministration of the health service; lawyers are extra-reluctant to defend unpopular cases, and policemen loath to report brutality.

The Government declares with defensive pride that in 1974 (the last year for which figures are available) only 300-odd people lost their jobs or failed to get promotion as a result of political investigation. The fact remains that during that year nearly half a million people were investigated, whether as a result of spite, interference, or over-enthusiasm. They suffered, at the very least, inconvenience before they were eventually declared innocent: afterwards, mud stuck. As a tactic, it seems to have has been ominously successful.

As the lack of issues has become more obvious, the campaign around personalities has become increasingly sour. The Left are mostly content with Strauss as their bogyman ('If you let Kohl put the soap on, Strauss will be there with the razor'). The Right counter with former party chairman Herbert Wehner. On a sunny day in the haut-bourgeois shopping centre of Bad Godesberg, the Kensington-cum-Belgravia of Bonn, a beautifully elegant lady showed me the posters which featured him. 'This is the best', she said with a certain happy malice – a picture of Wehner with the slogan 'There are a lot of reasons not to vote SPD. This one is enough' (Herr Wehner's sin, apart from general unpopularity, is that he was a member of the Communist Party under Hitler.) 'Or how about this?' said my guide, pointing out a beautifully executed still of Willy Brandt looking nervously over his shoulder and supposedly saying 'The decent Germans are behind me' – an ironic reference to the adviser in his office who turned out to be an East German spy, and on whose account he resigned as Chancellor two and a half years ago. 'You did know that he was illegitimate, didn't you?' Well, yes, actually, since this piece of information is ritually dug up every four years, along with speculation as to whether his father was a 'rich Jew' or a Slav.

Whatever the result on Sunday – and the latest predictions put it as extremely close – the Christian Democrats are entitled to say, as one journalist put it, that they won the battles, no matter what happened to the war. One battle has been the question of public finance of political activities. Misuse of public funds is traditionally an SPD weapon; this time it has been turned against them. In particular, they are accused of putting out favourable publicity for themselves via various ministries, during the campaign. In general, there are hints of illegal collusion with the trade unions. But since the political parties are under no obligation to say whether they spend their income (which includes DM 3.50, some 75p, from the state per voter) on dancing girls, research officers, aeroplane or roller skates, by British standards any question of fiddling the books is bound to seem fairly academic. And even to Germans it is yet another sign of the general emptiness of the campaign.

A Matter of Money

Although the cheers and boos are formally produced when 'enemies of the state' are mentioned, and the accusation of commuist sympathies is made almost automatically by any politician against anyone who disagrees with him (the suggestion that dissidents are quite likely Nazi sympathisers as *well* is a new twist) when the shouting is over, we come down to money. German voters are very well-informed about taxes, for instance: discussion of VAT can set hundreds of people into frenzied argument. For all their complaints about the cost of living (a 4-per-cent inflation rate when ours was 24 per cent) they do, in fact, know that they are well off, while feeling that such a state of affairs is only right and proper. But they worry audibly about a possible revaluation of the Deutschemark in the near future, and specifically they wonder about the effect on pensions.

Herr Strauss is rough and tough, Herr Kohl has the strength of the successful provincial. But, if that is the name of the game, the prize must surely go to Herr Schmidt. His election propaganda is expressly designed to show how nasty he can be. 'He is not *gemütlich*,' it says, and goes on to detail his habits, such as calling meetings at 7.30 a.m. If by some chance he is no longer Chancellor next week, it will not be due to any personal failings, but simply the result of an atypical German desire for change. It could happen; the prospect itself is alarming. 'Fairy stories,' said my gloomy German friend. 'The new kind. What happens at court when the prince turns into a toad?'

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Norman Atkinson*

In Defence of a Plutonium Economy

I have a lot of sympathy for Sir Brian Flowers, who is already being treated like a politician in the sense that he has become the most quoted and misquoted physicist in the business. Activists on both sides of the nuclear argument are dipping into his Royal Commission Report and with the most blatant prejudice are claiming this or that according to the gospel of Saint Brian. I suppose it is inevitable – especially if the pundits look upon the chief author as a parson turned atheist – but in this case I am certain they are wrong and that Sir Brian has lost none of his old enthusiasm for nuclear physics and that he will go on propagating the idea that coal miners are precious people and that there are better ways of doing things than spewing coal and oil up the chimney. I hope so anyway.

On the question of the membership of the Commission, it was a great pity that Downing Street was not able to overcome its appalling prejudice against engineers. To have included alongside Sir Frederick Warner (FIMech.E. among other distinctions) a couple of nuclear engineers would have overcome the obvious shortage of engineering weight in the report.

The report goes a long way to authenticating the many fears frequently expressed by various environmental lobbies both here and in the United States. Back in 1973 for example Ralph Nader declared: 'It does not make sense to replace an energy crisis with a long-term radioactivity crisis.' Also that year a group of American physicists, the Union of Concerned Scientists (UCS) concluded that nuclear power was unreliable, unsafe, and a source of massively dangerous pollutants. Their report dealt at length with what it called the critical and important problem of guaranteeing the security of nuclear materials while they are in transit and warned that terrorist groups, political fanatics or criminals may try to steal nuclear materials – currently shipped with little more regard than 'special delivery letters' across the United States. Both Nader and the scientists also pointed out that no safe plan for the storage or disposal of highly radioactive waste had then been developed. They leaned heavily on the alarm buttons and warned the world that the development of suitable waste disposal technology did not seem commensurate with the rate of expansion of the nuclear power industry. And so say the Royal Commission.

The similarity of the descriptive criticism used in all these reports over the last four years is indeed formidable. And no doubt many copies of the Flowers Report were last week flown across the Atlantic. Certainly it is compulsory reading, but even more important for the Western world is its timing. Coming out on top of the electoral victory for the anti-nuclear Swedish Centre Party, the report is a ready-made script for American lobbyists to put before both President Ford and Mr Carter, who will find it extremely difficult to give their supporters the kind of assurances they want, especially as the electricity industry in the US is operated by free-enterprise utilities.

And that's the crux of the matter. No group of engineering scientists in America, or the Royal Commission here, have outlined any dangers or problems associated with the nuclear programme which are not economic in origin. Of all the dangers listed, all of them can ultimately be overcome if the engineering involved is kept to a very high standard. Given adequate design hours and enough money the present level of engineering know-how can safely provide the world with this new source of nuclear power if that's what it wants. The point is: environmental watchdogs everywhere should interpret the Flowers Report as I believe it was intended – not to condemn the nuclear concept itself but to condemn nuclear engineering done on the cheap. If we can't afford to engineer our nuclear plant and the fuel cycle to the highest possible standards with absolute safety then we should stop the whole development now. But we *can* afford it and that's what I believe the report is about, and that's how I believe Parliament will see it when the issue is debated.

The fact that nuclear power is environmentalism at its best, and that it makes possible the conservation of our natural resources to a level undreamt of a few years ago, makes the argument in favour of the fast breeder absolutely overwhelming. Parliament must back our engineers with adequate money to do the job properly.

Consider the consequences if the world fails to provide for the replacement of the energy resources we are already depleting at an alarming rate. Geologists agree that the world is going to be in serious trouble if nothing is done before the end of the century and it is on this particular question that the Royal Commission and all other assessors are at their weakest.

The Flowers Report lists the world's recoverable oil reserves at around 80 years at the 1974 rate of consumption. Likewise it goes on to give natural gas some 150 years and coal more than 200 years. But all these assessments exhibit no faith whatsoever in the world's ability to provide clean drinking water, a decent diet and a reasonable roof for those millions who at present have virtually nothing. Assessment of our energy reserves must be based upon the level of political expectation in the world and not current consumption. The result then is very different.

Oddly enough, the Royal Commission in a very readable style (previously unknown in such reports) sets out a convincing case for getting on with our fast-breeder development. I am not forgetting that the Commission themselves make very clear that in their view the whole fast programme should be delayed for as long as possible; but they also go on to make the point that a future world nuclear programme of 3,500 gigawatts based on thermal reactors would swallow the present world uranium reserves within 12 years. The obvious conclusion, therefore, must be based upon fast-breeder technology. Of course it would be marvellous if engineers could be certain of alternative technologies like fusion reactors before, say, the year 2000, but the bridge between now and then is too wide for the purpose of an energy strategy.

Judging by the discussion provoked since Nader, and now by Flowers, it would seem that the Achilles heel must be the reprocessing of irradiated nuclear fuel and the disposal of radioactive waste. Naturally the fuel cycle is complex and of necessity must contain many problems, but from my discussions with engineers and my reading of their papers I am convinced that the difficulties are again economic rather than those of limited technology and difficult engineering. As for the spread of backyard atom plants, surely international agreement is feasible for the restriction of reprocessing plants to three or four international centres, in which case the storage of solidified waste could be safely organised.

If Britain got out of the reprocessing business – as Walter Paterson and many MPs suggests – the risk of nuclear materials getting into the hands of terrorists groups would increase because the spread of enrichment capacity and separation plants would multiply. Even worse, the chance of the smaller non-nuclear powers acquiring plutonium supplies sufficient to enable them to become processors of tactical-sized nuclear weapons would also grow for the same reasons. The fact is, the time has now arrived when the non-proliferation of nuclear weapons remains possible only by agreement. Every country which has a peaceful nuclear power programme and has enriched uranium resources or access to supplies could advance its material processing to the level of weapon technology.

If West Germany, for instance, wanted to process nuclear weapons it could now do so: both the materials and the technology are already available – only Germany's willingness to accept her non-proliferation obligations prevents such a thing happening. And so it is with other advanced countries whose knowledge and resources gives them a nuclear potential. The reality is that the world has become a very different place over the last decade and the existing nuclear powers will have to consider carefully how they can make the non-possession of nuclear weapons an attractive bargaining strength in itself. Today's evidence suggests that merely to rely on the ratification of the Non-Proliferation Treaty will not be enough.

It could well be that Britain, enjoying a kind of Rutherford prestige in all this, could set about persuading the other major engineering nations to pool their experience and agree to make available a world-wide nuclear power package for rent instead of for sale. Most countries (and certainly the developing countries) would find it very attractive to have the latest nuclear power plant supplied without capital outlay; to have all servicing including technologists and

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nuclear fuel materials safeguarded without themselves being involved. It could be feared, no doubt, that a recipient nation under such renting arrangements would expose its energy needs to the mercy of the supplying powers. Of course that is true but the obverse logic would be the total scrapping of non-proliferation as an idea for both weapons and reactors.

Three weeks ago I corresponded with the Prime Minister, Jim Callaghan, about the possibility of his initiating personally summit consideration of the setting up of a Nuclear Energy International (consisting of the five advanced nuclear nations with enrichment plants plus West Germany and Japan) for the purpose of designing and constructing for rent nuclear reactors together with all the necessary servicing. I also suggested international control of uranium supplies and the fuel cycle. His response illustrated the Government's concern and its desire to contribute ideas. That I believe is the way ahead and I hope environmentalists everywhere will demand the internationalisation of the nuclear industry as a first step towards making safe the making of plutonium.

Robin Cook*

Against the British Nuclear Capacity

Annan is a pleasant little town on the Scottish side of the Solway. Its most famous citizen is Thomas Carlyle who went forth from the local grammar school to denounce the age of machinery which he perceived in mid-Victorian Britain and to identify the three great elements of that civilisation as 'the Protestant Religion, Printing and Gunpowder'.

Over a hundred years later the Government chose Chapelcross in Annandale as the site for four nuclear reactors with the primary function of producing weapons – grade plutonium – a man-made element whose explosive properties make gunpowder appear positively benign. In April of this year Roy Mason, then Secretary of State for Defence, issued a curt two-paragraph statement, announcing that to the existing functions of the Chapelcross station was to be added the manufacture of tritium. To understand the hidden significance of this terse announcement it is, I regret, necessary to take a short technical break.

The earliest nuclear bombs depended solely on the explosion generated from a fission reaction. There is however a finite limit to the maximum force of a fission bomb, though since the upper limit is equivalent to several hundreds of thousands of tons of TNT most civilians might have thought it more than sufficient. However, even this limitation can be broken by harnessing the fission explosion to provide the heat which will trigger a fusion reaction; and the awesome feature of the resultant thermonuclear bomb is that for all practical purposes there is no upper limit to its explosive force. The two super-powers have exploited this feature so fully that they now both possess the equivalent of several tons of TNT for every man, woman and child on the planet – sufficient for a war against all humanity (if a rational purpose for such crusade can be conceived). And tritium is one of the two materials commonly used to provide that fusion reaction; it is the hydrogen in the H-bomb.

In the wake of the wide public debate over Windscale's recent offer to take in Japan's nuclear waste, it was inevitable that any additional nuclear facility at Chapelcross should provoke local controversy, and last week I participated in the protest meeting in Annan. In fairness to the nuclear establishment it has to be admitted that the development does not appear to pose a significant risk to the local environment, but it is a surrealist experience to hear nuclear scientists solemnly state that tritium can be produced with absolute safety, at no danger to life or health for miles around. It is, after all, a process which is part of the production of the most powerful explosion known to man.

And why is Britain developing this process now? For 20 years we have purchased all our tritium under an agreement with the Americans, and no criticism has ever been made of this arrangement. The Government claims that producing the stuff ourselves will be cheaper, but this can only be assessed if we know the time over which the Government is discounting the substantial capital cost of the plant.

Moreover, on present information, that time would appear very short. The plant at Chapelcross is not expected to come on stream until 1980, and Polaris must leave service in the mid 1980s, not least because of the difficulty of security supplies of spare parts and fuel after the missile has been completely withdrawn from service with the American navy. It is inconceivable that the Government can be proposing an investment of 'several million pounds' on a plant which we would require for barely half-a-dozen years, and if it is intended to maintain production for a longer period it can only be in preparation for a nuclear weapons system which will succeed Polaris.

Such an interpretation is only too consistent with other scraps of evidence surfacing publicly, such as the stunning budget of £450m. which is rumoured to have been allocated to a 'Polaris Improvement Programme'. (It may be a semantic quibble, but is an 'improved' nuclear weapon one in which the potential for devastation has been augmented or restrained?) Then there are the two nuclear tests conducted by this Government. Responsibility for the first in the summer of 1974 was shrugged off on the grounds that the Tories had set it all up. As this would appear inherently improbable as an explanation of the further test in August of this year, we are now being asked to believe that one of the warheads has to be let off every now and then just to see if the things still go bang – at a cost, mark you, of some £5m. per test.

The Labour manifestos of 1974 explicitly committed the party against the development of a new generation of nuclear weapons, but unfortunately this still leaves us with the difficulty of spotting the point when extensive 'improvement' fades into the development of a new generation. What seems certain is that the Ministry of Defence is planning to preserve Britain's nuclear capability at least to the year 2000.

It must be clearly understood that, if we choose to do that, there is virtually no chance of our subsequently getting rid of our nuclear arsenal through international negotiations, since the myth of multilateral disarmament has been exploded amid the tests of the past decade. The very word 'disarmament' has been among the casualties. It first relapsed into 'arms control' and finally expired as the even more flaccid 'arms limitations'; and incredibly the 'limitations' accepted by the United States and the Soviet Union at the conclusion of the most recent round of SALT permit both sides to *double* the number of their warheads. In passing we might notice that SALT negotiations are a bilateral exchange which does not include Britain.

Yet predictably the debate in Annan swept on impervious to the experience of the 15 years since Polaris was ordered. Those who work in the system still justify it as the deterrence of the Soviet Union, oblivious of the industry of Western strategists who have now dumped deterrence and replaced it with an aggressive war-waging role for nuclear weapons.

Arguably *if* there is a case for Britain retaining a nuclear capability it has less to do with the Soviet Union and much more to do with the growing number of states who are following our lead in setting up as *parvenu* nuclear powers. The oligarchs of India already have a nuclear device. Am I the only member of the Left whose stomach turns when I contemplate the coming decade in which the autocrats of Iran and Brazil will have the materials and technology to build a device of their own? Yet, of course, merely to list the nations who have followed our lead down the path to nuclear power is to challenge afresh the wisdom of that original decision.

At the very least we are entitled to see the decision – this time – taken out in the open. Margaret Gowing has compellingly demonstrated that the initial instruction to develop a British bomb was given in secret by a committee which not only by-passed the cabinet, but deliberately excluded the ministers with economic responsibilities who might have questioned whether it was worth it. Her authoritative history was published in 1974. It would be ironic if at the very same time a decision had been taken under similar secrecy committing us to the nuclear business for the indefinite future, and it would be intolerable if we are to be expected merely to acquiesce yet again.

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Peter Townsend

How the Rich Stay Rich

A highly sophisticated struggle is going on for the soul of the Labour Party. There are those who believe that the rich, whether defined in terms of wealth or income, or both wealth and income, are getting substantially poorer (and therefore that socially redistributive policies no longer have to be pressed). Then there are those who believe that the rich, whether or not they are now getting poorer, have in the course of history become a relatively inconsequential element in the decisions that have to be made politically and economically. Thus, even if they were squeezed, it is supposed they could not provide more than a small fraction of the resources required to put major new policies into effect. Then, again, there are those who believe that the rich, whatever their wealth or power, have to be left alone either because of the risk of offending overseas creditors or because otherwise there would not be a sufficient system of inducements for the work force as well as managament. Thus, any substantial shift from existing differentials and patterns of private consumption might be supposed to threaten the delicate balance of the whole economy and not just the livelihood of a small number of workers in particular industries. And finally, of course, there are those in whose interests it is to foster these illusions.

The volumes of evidence (particularly the third volume) submitted to the Royal Commission on the Distribution of Income and Wealth and just published* illustrate these beliefs for socialists. They show how important it is to engage with, and counter, the views accepting inequality which are so assiduously cultivated, and which have even infiltrated some of the principal conclusions of the Royal Commission itself. For example, major companies and financial organisations and their representative associations – like BP, Commercial Union Assurance, Dunlop, Esso Petroleum, IBM (UK), ICI, Rio Tinto-Zinc, Unilever, the CBI, the Brewers' Society, the British Bankers' Association, the National Westminster, the Institute of Directors – produced memorandum after memorandum to impress upon the Commission the onerous and responsible, and quite exceptional, job that senior executives perform, the low salaries and small value of non-monetary benefits which they receive, and the excessive taxes which they pay in relation to their peers in other countries, the threat to national prosperity if they were to emigrate, and, above all, the fall in their incomes in recent years relative to the average. The last sentence of ICI's evidence in 1975 summed it all up: 'The company's case is not merely that there should be no further impositions on this group of employees but that action is needed to see that their relative position is restored' (p.207).

Support for some of these themes reiterated by representatives of the private sector of industry has come too from the nationalised industries and professional associations. The Central Electricity Generating Board, the National Coal Board, the British Gas Corporation and the British Railways Board, for example, made a plea for relatively higher salaries for top managers. British Rail argued that because the public sector could not compete with private industry in providing fringe benefits like profit bonuses, profit sharing, share options and company cars, its salaries should in fact be higher than in the private sector. And, while it did not mind unearned income being attacked, a joint committee representing top civil servants quietly urged the Commission not to 'subvert' the salary structures resulting from the work of Lord Boyle's Top Salaries Review Body, and the National Board for Prices and Incomes.

The TUC was a partial and the TGWU a more outspoken exception. But the TUC was depressingly evasive. While protesting at the non-disclosure of information about non-monetary as well as monetary rewards of senior executives and listing some of their perks, it did not proclaim an emphatic alternative policy: '£10,000 cannot be a practicable limit to earnings at the present time although there might be a case for saying that increases above that level should be the subject of particular restraint' (p.404). Or again: 'The Royal Commission should first of all consider the incomes span which might be judged reasonable in terms of the various precepts by which the economic and social life of the country is carried on – such precepts as freedom and market forces on the one hand and social justice and the notion of the social contract on the other – and then proceed to consider the ways of

Royal Commission on the Distribution of Income and Wealth, Selected Evidence Submitted to the Royal Commission for Reports Nos. 1, 2 and 3, London, HMSO 1976 £4.40, £3.15 and £5.10.

Political Activities Of Civil Servants

The Committee reviewing the rules governing the political activities of civil servants (Chairman, Sir Arthur Armitage) invites written evidence from all interested parties.
It should be submitted by 1 December 1976 to The Secretary, Committee on the Political Activities of Civil Servants, Old Admiralty Building, London SW1A 2AZ. (Telephone: 01-273 5725).

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handling the consequential difficulties of taking an upper figure (e.g. £20,000 before tax or £10,000 after tax) as a limit' (p.405). In oral evidence Len Murray, Lord Allen and Alan Fisher said the present range of incomes was too wide but 'the TUC recognised the need for income differentials as a recognition of responsibility, training and scarce skills' (p.406). The first steps in legitimating very high employment incomes, even if not the top-most incomes, had been taken.

The problems for those within a Labour Government who are struggling to reduce inequality can begin to be seen. The Royal Commission had been established in 1974 to make a thorough and comprehensive inquiry into the existing distribution of income and wealth 'to help to secure a fairer distribution of income and wealth in the community'. It was asked to prepare a preliminary general report within about 12 months and, almost before that task had been started, to prepare a second report on income from companies and its distribution, and a third on all forms of income over about £10,000 a year from employment and self-employment.

The three inquiries were conducted more or less simultaneously. Under its chairman, Lord Diamond, and with the help of its 40 staff, the Commission published three bulky reports on schedule in 1975-76. What now transpires from the evidence submitted as a basis for these reports is the almost inevitable impact upon the conclusions of a Royal Commission, if time has not been made or allowed for its own independent inquiries, of the cumulative weight of the conventional wisdom of the departments of state, industry and some of the principal professional associations – especially when its membership includes powerful advocates of such wisdom. Is it possible to check the 'fairness' of a system by depending upon its principal beneficiaries for information about it?

Much of the problem is in constructing a valid picture of the whole distribution of income and wealth, within which the position of the rich can be judged. The Commission valiantly reproduced the searching criticisms made of official statistics by some of the more independent-minded economists, like Tony Atkinson, Alan Harrison and Chris Trinder, as well as by the TUC and TGWU. Yet they shrank from asking whether inequality is as a consequence under-estimated and therefore whether existing data needed to be extensively reworked and new data collected, so that the nation might better be confronted with the realities of its own condition, and went on to draw conclusions from the very material which, on their own argument, were misleading.

Defining Income

For example, near the beginning of the first report they stated: 'We began our inquiry without prejudging whether income and wealth might be susceptible of a single, all-embracing definition' (p.4). But the possibility of defining income as the sum of personal consumption and net capital formation was dismissed in four short paragraphs and the further possibility of expressing wealth as an annuity value, and, for purposes of giving necessarily crude measures of the distribution of 'real' living standards or total command over resources, adding such a value to income, was not even seriously discussed. Less ambitious alternatives too might have been tried – namely to estimate rental values for certain possessions (including owner-occupied housing) and add them to income, or to present analyses linking ranked levels of income with different amounts of wealth. A short section on the effect of including and excluding imputed rent was included in the report, but the experiment was vitiated by the use of official estimates admitted to be much too low.

The importance of this matter can be put quite simply. The distinction made between income as a 'flow' over a period of time and wealth as a 'stock' at a point in time, or between revenue and capital, has the effect in practice of concealing or underestimating inequalities in living standards or life styles. The ramifications culturally and politically of this distinction are profound. The distribution of wealth is more unequal than the distribution of income, and income is highly correlated with wealth. The connections and cumulations are insufficiently examined and presented. While conceding lamely the artificiality of the distinction the Royal Commission decided it was impracticable to do anything very different, and proceeded to develop separate analyses of income and wealth in their first report (pp.5-6).

This is not the only source of the underestimation of inequality. The definition and measurement of wealth is elusive and open to different interpretations. If the resources of the rich are held disproportionately by the extended family, and can be drawn upon through trusts and settlements at later stages of life, and depersonalised in part through the company share system, are spread among a large number of types of wealth, and have artificially low current market value, then the significance of restricted definitions of wealth becomes clear. By restricting the size of the social unit, the range of items to be counted, the currency of convertibility and the time in which measurement is to take place, inequality again may be understated. The relationship of wealth – and particularly of stocks and shares, pension rights and houses and flats – to top employment incomes can be critical.

The Royal Commission admitted in its first report that the official statistics on the distribution of income were 'deficient in many respects', largely because these were 'by-products of the administrative processes of government departments, particularly the Inland Revenue'. The Inland Revenue omits incomes below the effective tax exemption limit – the level at which a single person starts to pay tax if his income is wholly earned. It sometimes separates, and sometimes combines, the incomes of married couples. It excludes tax relief on mortgage interest, and the imputed rental value of owner-occupied housing, thus underestimating the share of income going to the top half of the distribution. It understates investment income, fringe benefits from employers and some other forms of income. These are among the commonly agreed weaknesses.

The top section of the table on this page is an extract from Table 15 of the Commission's first report. It suggests a continuing fall since the war in the share of income after tax of top income recipients. The press seized on the Commission's conclusion to maintain the belief that the rich have become relatively poorer not just in post-war compared with pre-war years but in the 1970s compared with 1960.

The data collected in the annual Family Expenditure Survey, carried out regularly since 1957, are potentially more valuable than either the Inland Revenue data or the Central Statistical Office adaptations of those data. There are doubts about the representativeness of both extremes of the distribution, and, as the name implies, the survey is designed to obtain more comprehensive and reliable information about expenditure

Distribution of Personal Income (United Kingdom)

A: Percentage share of income after income tax
(tax units; IR Survey of Personal Incomes supplemented by other data by the Central Statistical Office)

Quantile group	1949	1959	1964	1967	1972/3
Top 1 per cent	6.4	5.3	5.3	4.9	4.4
2-5 per cent	11.3	10.5	10.7	9.9	9.8
6-10 per cent	9.4	9.4	9.9	9.5	9.4
Top 10 per cent	27.1	25.2	25.9	24.3	23.6

B: Percentage share of net income (after direct taxes and cash benefits)
(households; CSO, based on Family Expenditure Survey)

	1961	1965	1968	1971	1972	1973
Top 1 per cent	4.4	4.8	5.9	4.4	3.8	4.4
2-5 per cent	9.9	9.5	9.7	9.9	9.6	10.0
6-10 per cent	9.2	9.1	9.1	9.6	9.3	9.5
Top 10 per cent	23.5	23.4	24.7	23.9	22.7	23.9

C: Percentage share of final income (after all taxes and benefits in cash and kind)
(households: CSO, based on Family Expenditure Survey)

	1961	1965	1968	1971	1972	1973
Top 1 per cent	4.6	4.5	4.2	4.2	3.8	4.2
2-5 per cent	9.8	9.6	9.8	9.8	9.7	9.8
6-10 per cent	9.3	9.2	9.4	9.4	9:5	9.4
Top 10 per cent	23.7	23.3	23.4	23.4	23.0	23.4

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than about income. But the data apply to genuine household units, and also take into account indirect as well as direct taxation, and a limited measure of fringe benefits. The Commission had produced data from the Inland Revenue, adjusted by the CSO, for the top 1 per cent, next 4 per cent and next 5 per cent, as shown in the table. Corresponding data which they took from the FES applied only to the top 10 per cent, and were included in an appendix to their first report.

In the lower part of the table, with the help of the Commission's staff, I have reproduced the corresponding estimates of percentage shares of net income and final income. Reservations have to be borne in mind. The figures for the top 10 per cent are more reliable than for the top 5 per cent, and the figures for the top 1 per cent are distinctly hazardous. Nonetheless the share of the top 5 per cent and top 10 per cent are consistent for a long span and tell a different story from the conclusions put forward by the Commission, based only on the Blue Book figures, that 'there has been a continuing decline in the share of the top 5 per cent' (p.156). At the very least it should be said that there is no consistent evidence of a diminution in the last 15 years of the income share of the top 5 per cent and top 10 per cent. Indeed, if fringe benefits and imputed rent for owner-occupation were properly reflected in the figures the trend might have been the *reverse* of that identified by the Commission.

One of the problems of interpreting trends is in allowing for changes in the proportions of households or income units of different size and composition. A recent study by Semple in *Economic Trends* (December 1975) reviewed the effect of changes in household composition between 1961 and 1973 on the distribution of income and found 'relative stability in the degree of inequality in the distribution of final income'.

Just as the FES data for a span of years may be used to cast doubt on the proposition in the first report that the percentage share of income of the top 5 per cent has diminished during the last 15 years, so material on fringe benefits and taxation in the third report (in chapter 4 and appendix H) and in the evidence submitted for that report casts doubt on the proposition that the values of the employment income of the top 0.01 per cent, the top 0.1 per cent and top 1.0 per cent of men have declined relative to the median and also in absolute purchasing power. Thus the top 0.01 per cent had net employment income estimated to be 1,140 per cent of the median in 1959-60 but 723 per cent in 1973-74 (Table 9, p.25). At constant 1959-60 prices this was stated to represent a decline from £6,952 to £5,903 (Table 11, p.30).

This finding, too, was widely reported in the press. But doubts about its reliability were raised by witnesses who should know. In their evidence the Inland Revenue Staff Federation stated that 'most directors might enjoy a higher standard of living than was revealed in the income tax statistics'. '. . . Revenue control over non-monetary benefits might have declined . . . while all benefits were taxable in practice, many were not.' The Association of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Taxes suggested that income from self-employment was evaded more than in the past. It also agreed that because of tax avoidance on fringe benefits the number of employees earning over £10,000 per annum 'looked smaller than might be expected'. And the Central Statistical Office pointed out that only about one third of the total value of non-taxable benefits in kind could at present be allocated in their income distribution tables (in this case for 1972-73). The Commission must be chastised for producing figures based on theoretical, rather than actual, taxation and for making no provision for a full definition of fringe benefits, and for their changing value.

Fringe Benefits

The Commission did give detailed evidence of types of fringe benefits and changes in coverage, though no attempt was made to relate these to trends in employment income. Thus between 1970 (or 1971) and 1975 companies offering pension coverage on a 'final salary' basis to their managerial staff grew from 84 per cent to 94 per cent, companies offering life insurance from 93 per cent to 98 per cent, medical insurance from 20 per cent to 53 per cent, and holiday entitlement of more than five weeks from 29 per cent to 43 per cent (p.91). The Commission admitted that share acquisition schemes and reduced interest or interest-free loans 'can be of considerable financial advantage to their recipients' (p.89).

Fixed-term service contracts have now become a major factor in the remuneration of senior executives. They 'might have been entered into with a view to providing employees with additional benefits' (p.93) and the first £5,000 of compensation is normally tax free. The Commission reported it had received no evidence on this point. But according to the Institute of Directors' evidence (p.228), the number of executive directors with a fixed contract, usually between three and five years, had increased from 35 per cent to 48 per cent between 1966 and 1974. Elsewhere McKinsey's had described these contracts as 'handsome pay-offs for poor performance'. This change alone might critically affect any representation of the share of the top 1 per cent and top 5 per cent of income recipients. Further, calculations of the value to managers of a company car, housing loans at reduced rates of interest, other loans and medical insurance all suggested substantial percentage additions to salary, and that 'pension provisions have been growing as a proportion of salary for higher executives' (p.101).

Although I have not listed all the details, the thrust of my argument must be clear. In remunerating top executives there has been a long-term, and continuing, substitution or supplementation of direct salary by indirect benefits in order to escape tax in one form or another. The press, and the Conservative Party made capital out of the alleged fall in top incomes, as in Tables 9 and 11 of the third report. No tabulations of trends should have been published without adjustments to take full account of the value of fringe benefits. And if, as the Commission stated, 'it is not possible to allocate the value of fringe benefits by level of total employment income' without further work, that work should have been undertaken before publication. A few hastily concocted and politically misleading tables can wipe out the cumulative value of hundreds of pages which have been patiently compiled. Whether because of pressures of time or the accumulated forces of established opinion the Commission appears so far to have nurtured myths convenient to the rich.

The TUC and the Labour Party have spent their time knocking the exceptionally wealthy instead of making a careful case against the affluent standards of income and property among the senior managers and professionals who comprise the bulk of the top 5 per cent. If there is to be hope for the 8 million in or on the margins of poverty that case must be made.

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Profile: Alastair Burnet

Man of Balance

Before very long the most important single news-disseminator in Britain may well be a faintly avuncular, deeply conservative Lowland Scot. Alastair Burnet, the 48-year-old ex-editor of that odd couple, the *Economist* and the *Daily Express*, has already taken over the early evening ITN news and seen the ratings rise, gratifyingly, in response. It's an open secret that ITN's hierarchy sees him as the British Walter Cronkite: as a man who can bring authority to news-giving, and lead ITN out of the trap of its well-worn, Tweedledum/Tweedledee formula. Burnet, if the change works, will not be simply a twinkle-eyed bloke with an old-fashioned haircut, reading off the autocue. The CBS approach with Cronkite is to use an especially responsible Wise Man to pass on the news, making the process at once personal and powerful.

Research has shown that much of the telly-watching British working class end their evening's viewings with the fade-out of ITN's prime *News at Ten*, and then go to bed for the morning shift. Cocoa and Burnet: it's an influential mix. This summer Burnet has been training, going to the United States to study the Cronkite and the NBC news. He might well have taken over *News at Ten* by now but for some resistance from the Wells Street staff.

That Burnet is balanced on this springboard today is a mark of the extraordinary flexibility of this genially-dour journalist. If we take Ken Tynan's observation that there are some people with a special capacity to impose themselves and get on, Burnet is the great imposer. The first ambition, lined up for him, however, he did not attain. His father, a Scots engineer and a brother of a noted Edinburgh divine, Dr W. Adam Burnet, had cricket on the brain and, wanting to be sure that any son of his would have the chance to play for Yorkshire, took his expectant wife down south. James William Alexander (Alastair) Burnet was born in Sheffield in 1928. Eventually, he achieved the enthusiasm, though not the ability, for cricket his father had hoped for.

Burnet received the education that Tory Scots often reserve for their children: in England. This choice, according to colleagues, has made Burnet something of an outsider – Scots at heart, English by training. At the Leys School, Cambridge, he was taught for a time actually in Scotland itself, when the whole school was evacuated in war-time to Pitlochry, Perthshire. But by the time he'd won an exhibition to Worcester College, Oxford, he had the emigré's passion for his homeland. A contemporary recalls that 'Alastair spent his time at Oxford talking about Scotland continuously'. He got a second in history, it being claimed that he missed a first because he was interested only in questions about Scotland. He was so disgusted with his failure to get a first that he never returned to Oxford to take his degree, but hiked quickly over the border.

Safely there, he got a job on the *Glasgow Herald* as a 'sub' and leader-writer, among a group of graduates as different as Peregrine Worsthorne and Alastair Hetherington, the *Guardian*'s former editor. His first real break came in 1956 when (like Hetherington before him) he was plucked out of the *Glasgow Herald* and awarded a Commonwealth Fund Fellowship for a year's study in the United States; but perhaps his best piece of good fortune was simply the lucky timing of his career. He started to rise in journalism just as the commercial television companies were getting under way and looking for bright, politically-literate men. Donald Tyerman brought him down first, for the *Economist*, where Burnet started the home affairs feature variously known as 'Britain' and 'This Britain'. After four years as an *Economist* staff man, he started to develop his unusual double-strength as both a print and tele-journalist; he went to Independent Television News as political editor.

It was in this, his first stint with ITN, that he betrayed a characteristic that was to let him down later: he was a workaholic. He started then, and maintained for the next 14 years, a regimen of hard work and endless hours that was at the first a strength, but at the last a weakness. While he was at ITN, even his newspaper colleagues of the lobby (normally a sour breed) gave him credit for the way he took on the BBC, with its heavy staffing, and made his own and ITN's reputation on the long-drawn coverage of the 1964 general election (he did not do as well in 1970, when his delight in Heath's victory culminated in his drinking champagne in the studio).

In 1965 Lord Crowther brought Burnet back to the *Economist* as editor though, to the irritation of some of the staff, he did not succeed in luring him away from television on which Burnet performed by turns as a presenter for *News at Ten*, anchor-man for *This Week* and finally as front-man for *Panorama*. There's no doubt, however, that Burnet takes the credit for hitching up the *Economist* circulation, during his nine-year tenure, from 70,000 to 120,000. He modernised both look and outlook. Many of the

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ideas for the visually-clever covers were his. He was quick to realise the old *Economist*'s pro-colonial attitudes were silly (although he shared a weakness with liberal editors like David Astor of the *Observer* in being enlightened about British colonies but reactionary about American ones, especially Vietnam). His own main personal regret is said to stem from his total failure to call the 1970 election anything like correctly: in the week before polling the *Economist* came out with a cover 'In Harold Wilson's Britain' and a leading article inside virtually conceded the election to the Labour Party.

As a journalistic lapse it was all the more wounding as Burnet's personal politics then were substantially what they are today: a belief in managerial economics, support for gutsy capitalism and an ill-concealed contempt for what he sees as the 'silliness' of the Labour Party.

This 'mix' might have been thought an ideal combination for an editor of the *Daily Express* but when Sir Max Aitken offered Burnet the job, for the second time, in the autumn of 1974, he accepted it only with some misgivings. He took with him from the *Economist* (in addition to his Man Friday George Ffitch) his Heathism, and this proved a handicap. Sir Max soon developed a fondness for Thatcher-politics, the leader herself once being described as 'Witty, pretty, tough – that's the star called Margaret – says Sir Max'. But Burnet was hired to halt the steady seeping away of the *Express* circulation, and here he dismally failed. He brightened up the leader-page, brought the editorials hurtling into the early 20th century, chopped J. B. Morton (whom God did not preserve) of Beachcomber, shifted Rupert Bear, and saw the circulation fall away from 3,013,888 when he took over in October 1974 to 2,675,000 by the end of the following year.

Why this happened was partly sheer ill-luck: Burnet got badly ill with shingles, was slow to consult a doctor and went on working too hard. It was partly, too, that Burnet, used to the symposium of the *Economist*, disliked the crude hurly-burly of the *Express*. 'At editorial conferences, staff men would come up with their ideas, usually about how to get the human angle into some story', remembers an *Express*-man. 'Alastair's eyes would sort of glaze over. From his point of view, he was suddenly a good man fallen among thugs.' A friend once noted of Burnet: 'He has what Marshal Lyautey said was the essential quality of the officer: gaiety.' Perhaps he has; certainly he has the ability to inspire exceptional loyalty. (One former colleague said: 'You have to remember, I *love* that man.') But at the *Express* he was seldom gay. He replaced gaiety with long hours of work, arriving at nine in the morning and leaving at midnight for a late supper at the Cavendish. What he needed, probably, was less time and more hours spent outside, observing the ways of mice and men.

Burnet, though, has few relaxations. One of them is racing, another is reading, generally middle-brow stuff: Desmond Bagley rather than Patrick White. His private life he keeps to himself; he is married, and his wife shares their Campden Hill flat, but even fairly close friends of his have never met her. That's not a complete picture, but it indicates a man who won't find it easy to get the common touch, to know what is happening in families, among women, among workpeople or, most of all, among trade unionists.

Last spring, Burnet beat a dignified retreat from the *Express*, leaving with far more decorum than most outgoing Fleet Street editors have managed. His successor is Roy Wright, much more a typical Beaverbrook bloke, with a production background and an education at elementary school in South West Lancashire, starting work on his 15th birthday on the *St Helen's Reporter*. Roy Wright already seems to be doing what Burnet couldn't: reviving popular broadsheet journalism by knowing how to make use of that vast front page.

If Burnet is given the job of being a British Cronkite, it is hard to judge how good he will be, precisely because the qualifications for the job are a little unclear. On screen, he tries to be a disciplined, neutral observer, though his Toryism inevitably comes across. He has also been known to give way to spite: after a diary passage in *The Times* revealed he had been present at a breakfast meeting of Tory planners during the February 1974 general election run-up, he proceeded gratuitously, in the middle of bringing the watching millions the election returns, to insult the man he supposed to have been its author.

Yet a British Cronkite may need to reveal his feelings a little to be watchable. Mere authority alone will be as dry as dust. This is not to say that Burnet will fail at such a task; his own *News at 5.45* already makes *News at Ten* look distinctly dated. But to make the transformation to a new-style news Alastair Burnet will require to show that he is more than what only a relatively short time ago he aspired to be – Lord Home's successor as Tory MP for the scarcely common-touch constituency of Kinross.

Paul Johnson

Tom Baistow and the NS

All weekly magazines need an anchor-man: that is, someone who is familiar with every department of the paper, who can draw up an advertising layout, sub-edit, put the paper to bed, handle printers, advertisers, contributors and, not least, the editor himself. Such people need to be wise, patient, industrious, immensely experienced and, to a great extent, self-effacing. They are very rare and valuable birds indeed, and lucky is the editor who can entice one into his cage. For the past 12 years this role on the NS has been performed by Tom Baistow, not only with great proficiency but with real distinction; and it is a sad moment indeed for all of us connected with the paper that the day has come for him to retire from the full-time editorial staff.

When I became editor of the NS in 1965, as a consequence of various changes we had no anchor-man; and I spent some anxious days wondering whom I could possibly get. It was on the urgent recommendation of Vicky, our cartoonist, and James Cameron that I decided to ask Tom to lunch and put the proposition to him. They had both known and admired Tom's work on the *News Chronicle*, where he had been, among other things, foreign editor, and they knew him to be a supremely professional all-rounder, who had managed to retain a burning zeal for social justice amid the cynicism of Fleet Street. Oddly enough, another NS anchor-man, Aylmer Vallance, who taught me how to write leading articles, had been a *News Chronicle* man. But, alas, the *News Chronicle* had gone and Tom was working at the *Sun*, in its brief Cudlipp incarnation. To my great delight, therefore, Tom was ready to join the NS, and from the moment he entered Great Turnstile it was as though he had never worked anywhere else.

Quietly, effortlessly and without the least fuss, he took over the production side of the paper, as well as a great deal more. I, and my two successors as editor, Dick Crossman and Tony Howard, came to depend absolutely on Tom to ensure that the paper emerged each week in good order, even in the most difficult circumstances. I can speak only for myself but certainly I also came to rely greatly, in dealing with every kind of editorial and staff problem, on his counsel, distilled from ripe experience, and much deep thought on the nature of journalism and journalists.

This cogitation also found expression in what has been, by general agreement, the best-informed, liveliest and most constructive column on the doings of Fleet Street. For Tom, in addition to his wide-ranging editorial skills, is also a first-class writing journalist. It was a matter of some regret to me that, precisely because he was so much in demand on the editorial side, he was prevented from writing more often. It is excellent news that, in going to work for the City University, he will not lose touch with journalism – and in particular with any young, aspiring journalists who will be fortunate indeed to have the opportunity of his guidance.

All the same, it will be a blow not to see him around the office. To me, he represents the best side of Fleet Street: a high professional code of duty, a real regard for words and language, a tireless concern for factual accuracy and fairness in reporting, and a belief that journalists have a role to play, second to none, in the war against oppression and injustice, in the enlargement of practical human freedoms, and in the struggle for decency. There are not many journalists of Tom Baistow's calibre and sense of social responsibility around, and it has been a fine thing for the NS to have secured his services for so many years.

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Blackpool Diary

☐ By six o'clock on Tuesday evening Jim Callaghan's morning address, which had ranged from 'no easy answers' through 'no soft options' to 'no gimmicks' – but omitted any mention of sterling – seemed a fading memory. The downward plunging of the pound, the rumours of Arab financiers folding their tents had succeeded in producing a mood not so much of gloom as of defiance. Seeing *The Times* and Treasury options floated on Wednesday morning, and the dollar value of many months' sacrifice wiped out overnight, people were talking not of a bankers' ramp but of a clear choice between Benn and the IMF. One image kept recurring to me – that of Blackpool, the low-wage, deference, Tory town which Labour occupies once every year and then leaves as it found it. Does that remind you of anything?

☐ The spectre at this feast of reason has, perhaps inevitably, been Margaret Thatcher. Her Medusa's head is unwrapped at all difficult times in order to turn critics and hecklers into stone. One can see people's mouths and index fingers freeze in mid-argument when the dread gorgon is produced from her bag. The great virtue of this tactic, and the reason for its unfailing popularity, is that it can make any booby into a master-strategist. Worried about dole, devolution, or bothersome cuts in public spending? Unbutton the serpent-strewn features of Mrs Thatcher and realise how well off you are. For maximum effect, preface this argument by saying: 'Look, mate, when you've been in the Labour movement as long as I have you'll realise that it's all about power not protest.' A sagacious nod, accompanied by the laying on of the right index finger along the nose, should defeat all objections as 'unrealistic'.

☐ Apart from the bracing prospect of Labour abstentions and a recuperated middle-class Tory vote at the next election, there is another factor which bids fair to break Labour's back. Scottish Nationalism could deny the party a victory even if, as seems improbable, others things remain equal. Conference funked the issue. Delegates were offered a 'choice' between a motion which was pro-devolution and anti-referendum, and one which was the exact reverse. At the meeting of 'Labour against Assemblies' on Sunday night George Smith of the Building Workers announced that on his visits to his native heath in Scotland, he found no support for Nationalism. In which case the whole rally seemed on the superfluous side. Others inveighed against nationalism as an enemy of socialism – for all the world as if that was the choice Labour offered the Scots. Alex Neil of the new Scottish Labour Party was more cogent at his own (disgracefully empty) meeting. As good Europeans, the SLP want independence within the EEC and thus ridicule the spectre of 'customs at Gretna' put about by Tam Dalyell. They don't burble about 'Scotland's oil' because they want a fair percentage split between Scotland and the rest. As Neil told me, in whichever order the Bill and the referendum come they will only increase separatist sentiment. How ironic that socialists like Neil Kinnock, passionate against devolution, thought that Britain should go it alone versus Brussels last year and now campaign against regionalist attitudes. To acknowledge my own earlier bugbear, they increase the chances of the sectarian SNP negotiating independence with Mrs Thatcher.

☐ Michael Foot is due to take off on a trip to India very shortly, and what remains of the press in that most 'realistic' of countries can be expected to make the most of it. Since Mrs Gandhi decided to model her regime on the 'National Socialism' of Chiang Kai-shek, visiting worthies are all written up as enthusiasts for the new order. Foot must still be enough of a libertarian not to repeat the performance of Jennie Lee, who recently came back from a tour of the sub-continent and did everything but announce that the trains now ran on time. She certainly said that socialists should give support and understanding to the Congress regime. Well, George Fernandez, leader of the Indian Socialist Party, has just been arraigned for conspiracy against the Government after undergoing prolonged and detailed brutalisation. His wife, Leila, who has been lobbying European friends in the past few days, has a letter from her mother, Mrs Kabir, the wife of a former Nehru minister, which I wish was more widely known than it is. The letter describes Fernandez, when visited, as being locked in a cage, open to the elements in the day and kept under a searchlight at night. Thanks a lot, Jennie Lee, for draping the mantle of Nye over George's cage.

☐ If Michael Foot acquits himself as eloquently in India as he did in the devolution debate, he ought to be firm favourite for the deputy leadership of the PLP when it falls vacant in the autumn. I personally have spent an agreeable week taking here a drink and there a quid in bets with people who don't realise that Edward Short is still the holder of the post. Granted that it seems amazing, it must be added that the architect of our smooth-running devolution policy is about to retire gracefully – perhaps to allow him time to canvass for whoever is the next Labour candidate in Blyth. Foot is to be the Left's choice for deputy leader but the Right will have a harder time selecting their man from the pack of eager beavers washed downstream by the breaking of the Wilson log-jam. Your correspondent hears that Shirley Williams wants Denis Healey to step aside and let her have a clear run at it. Broad church specialists should relish a run-off between a Roman Catholic and a Leveller Fifth Monarchist.

☐ In the NS we have sometimes praised the New Democratic Party of Canada for its open and popular method of leadership selection. Bumping into its fraternal delegate this week, I found him looking puzzled and upset. 'Your National Executive is supposed to be a check on the cabinet, right?' he asked. 'Well, sort of,' I replied. 'Well,' he went on, 'I asked just now if I could sit in on its meeting and got turned away. Where I come from, every party member has the right to attend Executive meetings.'

☐ 'The eyes of millions of workers in Britain will be turned to the Labour Party conference this week.' Thus a thoughtful centre page article in the current *Militant*, a Trotskyist weekly attacked by Mr Callaghan from the platform as having polluted the Young Socialists with 'socialist sectarianism'. The undeclared faction of the Revolutionary Socialist League certainly sponsors the most predictable session speakers and the most pulversing fringe meetings in Blackpool. Oddly, they believe more powerfully than anyone else that Labour is *the* workers' party. Callaghan seems to take them at their face-value, recently warning Labour's Scottish Executive that all sorts of people had crept into the ranks since Len Williams and Sara Barker ceased their iron-rule. It has all meant a week of ribaldry for Percy Clarke, Labour's director of publicity, who bears a marked resemblance to the great Leon himself.

☐ During the parliamentary arguments over legalising homosexuality ten years ago, a colleague of mine was approached in the lobby by a bemused Labour MP from a coal-mining seat. 'You know, back in the valleys,' said this comrade, 'we had adultery, all right, and fornication too. But there was never any of *that*.' The Gay Labour Group is rather up against it from that point of view. Denis Skinner told the *Tribune* brains trust that he was all for Gay rights, but archly remarked that a referendum in Bolsover might find him hard pressed. As for the Gay contingent themselves, they really must stop being so wet. At their low-key campaign meeting, one speaker self-righteously declared that 'people prefer to go to popular meetings about race or pensions'. *Popular*? In the closet or out, this precious attitude is a waste of energy. And if they want to be identified with hock-and-seltzer decadence, one more joke about the Tories being the Queens' loyal Opposition will put the boys in the band back ten years.

Christopher Hitchens

This England

Prizes: £1.50 book token for first entry, £1 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ English country gentlemen often hunt birds and no one objected when Sheik Zaid Ben Sultan, ruler of Abu Dhabi, decided to try his hand at the sport at his luxurious English country mansion. What distressed neighbours was that he used a machine gun. – *Newsweek* (David Bradley)

☐ There are to be no more late-night sex films at The Theatre, Chipping Norton, following protests by local church leaders. Instead, a series of horror films is to be shown. – *Oxford Times* (Peter Goodden)

☐ The readership of *The Times* includes many people who are extremely wealthy and thus likely to buy second or holiday homes overseas or indeed likely to move overseas for tax purposes. – *The Times* Property Team Ad. (E. Saward)

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Anne Bennett

Good Gossip

Rent arrears of £50, and I felt as glum as Mrs Crocker looked. 'There's no way you could earn a little extra money?' I asked. 'Well,' she said, 'the vicar has been round to see my husband about him taking on the grave digging, except I'm worried for a harsh winter flu epidemic.' 'Just keep paying a little bit off each week – so long as there is a trickle coming in it'll be all right,' I said. 'I'll have a word with them.'

'It's a worry,' she said, 'what with my dad being so ill too, he's 90.' Hardly get paid for digging your father's grave, I thought, maybe they'd knock it off the cost of the funeral – all a bit dicey though, like the Co-op giving dividend stamps if they bury you. 'Now remember, Mrs Crocker,' I said, dropping her off at her door, 'any extra money earned must go straight to the council.'

I then went on to a routine visit to a foster mother who lived on a farm. She said she felt she ought to tell me that Mrs Carter to whom I made visits was, according to her cowman, Fred, married to him and not to Mr Carter. Oh Lord, I thought, having recently written a good report on the Carters, who were thinking of applying to adopt their niece. I thought I had better speak to Fred Herrin, a man of few words, whom I usually only saw driving his herd from one field to another.

So I hung around till he appeared and asked him. He said that it was true. He had married Jean Pierce in 1955 and he was still married to her though he knew that she was living with another man. 'You didn't want to get a divorce?' I said. 'No, why should I?' he said. 'It didn't worry me, I don't want to get married again.' Chance would be a fine thing, I thought, but I knew that I was quite enjoying it really. Sniffing out bigamy and feeling quite the detective. So off I went to get my confession.

I had always got on well with Mrs Carter, who was a fairly simple soul and had always flattered my ego by asking for me whenever fostering problems arose. I knew I would get the truth out of her. 'Hello dear,' she said, all fluffily dressed and waves and curls and gentleness, 'come on in and we'll have a cup of tea.' I could see myself going back to the office saying: 'Hey, I've uncovered a bigamy case!' There was no one about as she was getting the cups out of the cupboard and, as I couldn't wait to ask her, I began portentously: 'Are you legally married to Mr Carter?' She went quite still and turned to look at me and suddenly it wasn't a funny detective story any more, I shouldn't have listened to the gossip and followed it up. No, no, I shouldn't have done it – but it was too late now and I knew that it was true.

'I was 19,' she said, 'and I had this little girl and I met Fred. He said he'd care for her but she'd always been with my mother and when it came to it they couldn't part with her. Besides, she didn't want to go; it was her home. So I'd married him for nothing. Well we stuck together for a year but it was no good really, I left and went to Bristol, that's where I met Tom.'

'He doesn't know?' I asked. 'He wouldn't have waited,' she said flatly. He wanted to get married quickly and no one knew up there. I mean, it just rolled on quickly and that was it. But what are you going to do? I mean there's Robert isn't there? His adoption went through, no one found out anything then did they?'

'It's gossip that did it,' I said. 'Look,' I told her, 'I shan't say anything about it. Nothing. But you can't go ahead with this other adoption. I can't write a court report and put up your marriage certificate. However, it's for you to decide whether to tell Tom.'

I went back to the office and someone came in with evidence about a man forcibly feeding dog food to his son. I rang the county solicitor about it immediately. 'Oh dear,' she said, 'but it will depend on the medical evidence and the NSPCC man . . . do you know the brand?' The social work consultant was even less perturbed: 'The question is: does he do it often or is it a one-off thing?'

As for me, I decided to emulate Gertrude Stein's Ida who declared that she was just going to talk to herself; anybody could stand around and listen but as for her she was just going to talk to herself. Meanwhile, Mrs Carter, she doesn't phone for my advice any more but we do say hello when we pass in the street.

First Person

Arthur Marshall

Keep it Simple

I'm sorry to say that we aren't really very dressy down in Devon. I've spoken already of my own laughable 'wardrobe' but among my neighbours there is, sartorially, very little to catch and hold the eye. It is true that my Cousin Madge has, for gala evening occasions, a resplendent embroidered Chinesey garment in which she looks startlingly like an Eastern empress who has been living for some years in Moreton Hampstead, but for everyday outdoor wear she manages splendidly with beret, macintosh and wellies. There was a day, long ago but still referred to, when Mrs Bultitude wore her chinchilla coat, a birthday gift from the Colonel, to the village shops. Miss Duffield is said to own a purple trouser-suit, though I have never seen it. But on the whole, when morning dawns we all hurriedly clutch up the first clothes that come to hand and look, I dare say, as though we were on our speedy way to the nearest nuclear shelter.

Fashion and the smart life pass us happily by. Just as well, and innumerable ladies' magazines confirm this. An expensive fur coat would cause considerably less stir than if Mrs Bultitude teetered on platform shoes into our delightful local all-purpose meat-and-groceries store, defiantly sporting what I understand to be all the rage – a blouson tunic in a bold bottle green with snakeskin accessories and a matching kimono jacket with detachable hood. If my Cousin Madge were to busy herself among her geese in a maroon velvet tabard with side toggle fastenings over nigger culottes and oatmeal ankle boots, she would cause quite a few raised eyebrows ('Are you feeling *all right*, dear?'). Miss Duffield, relaxing at 'The Pleasaunce', hard by the church, in a scarlet corduroy bolero with elasticated back and contrasting 'parallel trousers' (a snip at £61.50 the lot) would startle the curate, politely calling, out of his wits.

Of all dotty worlds, that of *haute couture* seems to me to be the most cracked and, though I don't much go in for being socially censorious, one of the least commendable. With the world as it is, there is something offensive about these 'collection' showings, with what used to be called mannequins posturing gawkily on a raised gang-plank to rich and hard-faced females perched on gilt chairs while a disembodied voice bleats out the latest idiot news from the fashion front ('As you see, Dawn has cleverly teamed her chunky cardigan with a striped poncho over raw silk ankle trousers'). Am I out of date, or do such exhibitions still exist? Or has *haute couture* become *basse couture* and is now centred in, of all unlikely places, London? Anyhow, of one thing at least the women concerned were never in any doubt. They dressed to please themselves and with not the faintest thought of being attractive to men. They aimed to delight each other and, above all, to make each other jealous. Nor did they, either wearers or designers, care a fig for comfort or practicability in clothes. To be smart, to be new, was the sole aim of all. All, that is, save one.

Her friends called her 'Coco', a name which to an English ear instantly conjures up the delicious beige beverage, considered to be no more than a safe and soothing night-cap until, a few years ago, it was discovered to be an unexpectedly powerful aphrodisiac and to have been causing untold emotional havoc in bed-sitters and school staff-rooms up and down the land. In this sense, it was not an unsuitable name for Coco Chanel. She was able to soothe and

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excite in equal amounts. Madame Edmonde Charles-Roux, digging about heaven knows where, has, in *Chanel*, come up with the rummest of lives, about the details of which the liver herself decided, and understandably, to remain hazy. The squalid childhood (born, illegitimately, in the poorhouse and raised in an orphanage), the failure as a café-concert singer (voice like a trombone), the period as a uniformed disher-out of Vichy water, hot from the spring, to rich debauchees who required flushing out with its beneficial sodium bicarbonates – all was forgotten when, in 1910, she reached Deauville.

She was beautiful indeed, as the stunning snaps show, and she was a demi-mondaine who, and it must have been a relatively rare good fortune, was in love with the man who kept her. And she had a hat and dress shop to which what the local papers doubtless called 'Tout-Deauville' flocked. She had, moreover, an idea, an ordinary enough idea though it had not entered women's minds for centuries. It was that clothes should, first of all, be comfortable ('There can be no beauty without freedom of the body'). She wrenched off corsets and banned brassieres. Waists, bodices, veils, ruchings, ruffles and flower-garden hats went flying out of the window. She put women into cosy, comfortable Russian peasant blouses of thin wool (discreetly embroidered cuffs) with straight skirts and sensible shoes. She made it possible for women to appear, out of bed, in pyjamas. She put them into plain grey tailor-mades with unadorned straw hats. She made feminine what were, basically, masculine fashions. She herself walked about wearing an open-necked shirt.

She started a shop in Biarritz, the acme of smartness then but actually the least attractive of those once chic resorts (I have a theory that if the name had not contained the magical word 'Ritz', nobody would ever have bothered with the place.) She stormed Paris. She invented that scent. Chanel No 5 (5 was her lucky number, and it did not imply a succession of false starts from No 1 onwards). It brought her in a million dollars a year. She was made.

Once a demi-mondaine, always a demi-mondaine, one is tempted to think. Gentlemen came and went and failed to marry her. There was the Grand Duke Dmitri, fresh from helping with the murder of Rasputin ('Do have another poisoned cake'). There was the 2nd Duke of Westminster, the outstandingly unlovely Bend'or who, in any country but England, could have started a revolution single-handed. He bombarded her with hothouse melons, passing on to diamonds and emeralds. And during the war and occupation, for love knows no frontiers, as you'll recall, there was a titled German, rather a practised hand, it appears, who made rather unusual use of the Blue Train ('In the mahogany secrecy of the sleeping compartments, he left a trail of fire'). And after that, you'll want to know to whom Messrs Jonathan Cape, who sell the book at £6.95, entrusted the English translation. Nancy Amphoux, a bit short on slang but sound on sense. One only wishes that Chanel, a genius at paring things down, could herself have gone snip snip at the text.

Letters to the Editor

Breaking the Banks

Sir, Your contention (NS 17 September) that the stronger is the opposition to the nationalisation of banking the more justified the latter must be will no doubt reassure the faithful, who prefer not to be troubled by mere facts. But perhaps you will allow one or two to creep in as a response to the only specific charges you make against the clearing banks.

First, the Conservative Government in August 1972 did *not* ask the banks 'not to lend so much to property companies'. Instead the Bank of England pointed to the increase in loan demand by industry and therefore asked the banks to make credit less readily available to property companies 'as necessary'. In the following year, for which you, like the NEC statement, have got your figures wrong, the clearing banks lent roughly £200m. more to property companies and £2,000m. more to industry and 'productive' services. At its peak the ratio of loans to property companies to total clearing bank advances was only 6 per cent. Yet it is only here that the NEC statement can produce any 'evidence' that the banks were not doing their proper job. Secondly, the assistance given by the clearing bank 'lifeboat' to the fringe banks, including the Scottish Co-op, the first institution actually requiring clearing bank support, is hard to reconcile with your charge of 'callousness'. Thirdly, your accusation that the banks 'act in secret' betrays ignorance concerning the published statistics on British bank assets and lending, which are more copious than those of most countries of the world.

Finally, what is surely 'disingenuous' is for the NEC statement to claim to be the product of 'research' without once mentioning the fact that the net export earnings of British banks and insurance companies have risen from about £50m. to well over £500m. during the past ten years. What are the comparable figures for the nationalised French and Italian banks? Perhaps the Labour Party research department will now tell us.

H. B. ROSE

Barclays Bank Limited
54 Lombard Street, EC3

Sir, Your leading article (NS 17 September) includes a masterpiece of misrepresentation. You state that the Government in 1972 'asked the Big Four not to lend so much to property companies: the banks [*sic*] responded by increasing their lending to such companies by 75 per cent'. But not the Big Four. Their lending to property companies, from a low start, and mainly for housing and factory extension, rose by 42 per cent – in conformity with a general growth in lending. In fact, as a proportion of total lending, property company loans increased from 6.01 per cent to 6.29 per cent. Please try and get your facts right – and balanced.

JOHN HUNSWORTH
Director

Banking Information Service
10 Lombard Street, EC3

Sir, It is unfortunate that you repeat (NS 17 September) some of the most obvious errors of the NEC's suggestion that the leading banks and insurance companies be nationalised. A desire for privacy is not unique to banks. Most government departments with far less justification are more secretive. When a business is as susceptible to a failure of confidence as banking, some reticence over excessive publicity is merely prudent. The banks hardly take their caution too far today; it was, after all, 1969 when true profit figures were released, not 1971 as implied in your leader.

As for criticism of banks lending to property companies, I and, I suspect, most of your readers, together with a major part of the population, work in offices. Someone has to finance their new construction as much as that of factories. A major improvement in office accommodation such as that which occurred between 1971-1976 is a benefit to the economy as a whole. It was not financed at the expense of industrial investment. You quote an increase of 75 per cent in property lending by clearing banks after the Governor's August 1972 request for restraint. To put this figure in perspective, clearing book advances to property companies rose from 5.8 per cent of total advances to 6.3 per cent between May 1972 and December 1973. During the same period advances to manufacturing industry rose from 31.26 per cent of the total to 32.8 per cent.

Criticism of the low level of industrial investment in the United Kingdom completely misses the point. Companies invest because the return is expected to exceed the interest cost, not simply because banks have money. High government borrowing among other causes has forced up the level of interest rates in Britain both directly and indirectly through its contribution to inflation and a weak balance of payments. Many industrial projects are therefore unviable and investment is naturally reduced. The March *Bank of England Quarterly* gives figures for the real rate of return on industrial capital, which was down to 4 per cent in 1974. Banks have no responsibility for this state of affairs. They are in business to lend to whoever wants money for a sound project. They cannot force firms to invest.

In contrast to other European countries where war and insecurity induced by hyper-inflation or political instability have weakened financial intermediaries other than the banks, Britain has a unique capacity to provide long-term capital. Our life and pensions industry will have a net income probably in excess of £5,500m. during this financial year. Added to liquid funds of about £4,000m., the capital markets have vast resources available for investment. Why, you may ask, is this not going to industry? Why is the Stock Market discouraging rights issues at the moment? Could it be because the Government borrowed over £5,000m. long term and £2,000m. short last year and is attempting to do approximately the same this week?

Criticism of our financial institutions ignores the enormous strain thrown upon them by the imbalance of our financial flows under the pressure of heavy Government funding. The NEW STATESMAN should not expect bankers and insurers to react calmly to the NEC's proposals. Under the present circumstances, they add specious insults to dangerous injury.

A. B. WYAND

121 Arlington Road
London NW1

School for Scandal

Sir, The rationalisation by Hartley Shawcross (Letters 17 September) of the fact that Mr Callaghan's grandchild attends a private school rests on a defence of parental choice in education. Will he now lead a campaign for the reintroduction of selective education, following the lead of Tameside parents? Whatever happened to the idea that everyone should have the benefit of good education, not merely

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those who can pay for it or who happen to live in the catchment area of middle-class comprehensive schools?

Perhaps the saddest aspect of this matter is that the one-time party of socialism and social justice has so failed the country in the provision of proper comprehensive education that those who presumably have access to the best advice and information are taking to the lifeboats of private education while the unprivileged bulk of the population are left to sink or swim in schools deprived of resources in general (and of resources diverted to the elitist private sector of education in particular). Peter Wilby's article on Thomas Calton school (NS 17 September) demonstrates graphically the problems of such schools. It also indicates the lack of principle and purpose in the allocation of priorities by 'our' government. If indeed the Labour Party is now the 'natural party of government' then it is high time that a socialist opposition party appeared in Parliament.

A. C. NEWBY

68 Masons Avenue
Harrow

Wages Overseas

Sir, I can only refer to the comments in London Diary (NS 17 September) on the National Union of Seamen as a snide remark rather than an 'article of news'. It is shameful that someone who appears to be completely ignorant (or misled) should infer by innuendo that the NUS are involved in some sort of clandestine agreement with the General Council of British Shipping. I wonder if Crucifer is genuinely concerned over the practice of wage discrimination that has been in existence on British ships for over 100 years, or is he like many of his colleagues who are employed by the media merely paying lip service to the problem in order to carry out their objective of stirring the pot?

I assure you there is nothing whatsoever secret about this organisation's activities to end the centuries-old exploitation of cheap labour in the shipping industry. There have been many campaigners in this respect over the years but they have met with little success. This is not the case today, however, for after extreme and intensive efforts by the NUS it looks like wage discrimination in British flag ships is coming to an end. The solution to the problem is undoubtedly the establishment of the non-UK domiciled ratings seafarers agreement which Crucifer implies has been shrouded in secrecy. Well, just how secret is this agreement? We have published full details, together with all the related discussions in our union journal and also in our annual reports. We have submitted written reports to every individual member of the General Council of the TUC and to every member of the Labour Party NEC, also to the International Transport Workers' Federation. Further to this, seafarers' representatives from the Far East, Australasia and the African States were invited to our union headquarters, at the expense of the NUS, in order to formulate a working strategy in pursuit of our objectives. Top officials of the NUS have travelled the world on a number of occasions in the past two years, gathering support for our cause – 'the end of wage discrimination'. So successful have been our efforts that we now have the support of nearly all of the world's maritime unions. Our most important success, however, has been the setting up of a working group comprised of representatives of the Department of Trade, the General Council of British Shipping, the NUS and the Merchant Navy and Airlines Officers' Association. The object of these bodies is to 'eliminate discrimination in employment in UK ships'.

One cannot under-estimate the cost of this campaign to the NUS, not only in cash terms but in time, energy and research by our officials and staff. If Crucifer cares to row-in with economic or ethical or indeed any other sort of argument I shall be more than glad to hear from him. This year a branch of the NUS was established in Barbados which gives full protection and NMB wages to seamen from that area. In less than the past two years this union has attracted from shipowners' payments for Asian and other exploited seafarers amounting to over £661,000. This has been achieved despite pressures, threats and High Court action by the international shipping barons and snide remarks from certain servants of the press barons.

J. SLATER
General Secretary
National Union of Seamen
Maritime House
Clapham, SW4

Auden's Collected Poems

Sir, In my piece on Auden (NS 17 September) I mentioned my effort to identify 'Pinuccini's monument'. Professor A. B. Giamatti suggested I try Rinuccini instead. He seems to be right. The tomb of Matteo Rinuccini, archbishop of Pisa from 1577 to 1582, stands near a side door of Pisa's cathedral. Auden probably had in mind that Galileo 'went/Past Rinuccini's monument' while he observed that the oscillations of the cathedral's chandelier all took the same amount of time, no matter how great the distance of the swing. I quoted two versions of this passage. Auden first wrote 'Rinuccini', I imagine; then he may have noticed that Galileo supposedly made his discovery in 1581 – before Archbishop Rinuccini would even have ordered his tomb – and so revised it to 'an archbishop'. (He had to fill the line somehow, and surely the cathedral had a monument to some earlier archbishop.) But where did Auden find Rinuccini? He seems a thoroughly unmemorable figure (with a quite undistinguished monument) whose name I can find only in scholarly Italian and Latin sources. I offer this, of course, in explanation of Auden's revision, not in defence of it.

EDWARD MENDELSON
123 York Street
New Haven, Connecticut

Sir, When I was a student in New York in 1940 I attended a poetry seminar organised by the League of American Writers and given by Auden. On one occasion someone asked him about the use of American spelling in his poems, for example in the word 'honor'. Auden replied that he wrote the poem with English spelling, and the editor of an American magazine could change it if he chose. For Auden, it didn't seem to be an issue.

It also comes back to my mind that one of the exercises given by Auden was to write an allusive description of a well-known person, in the manner employed by Dante, and beginning 'He who . . .' The Americans in the room were to write about Lincoln and the British about Churchill. Auden himself (still British, evidently) wrote: 'He who wore many hats and in Epping Forest spoke frequently of battleships.'

MERVYN JONES
10 Waterside Place
London NW1

Mother's Milk

Sir, Mr Ryan, in his review of *Alone of Her Sex,* triumphantly promulgates the death of God and His mother. He hardly adopts a respectful obituary tone. Mary, as a vehicle for outworn ethics, has crashed and he is glad to see the smoking heap. If it is the case that God is dead, then it follows that Mary as a conception, Immaculate or otherwise, has always been so. Indeed, if God is dead, then so is everyone else who physically has died. A dead Mary, it follows, is a mere anthropological phenomenon – a puppet of the Catholic Church; the Church can be seen as an inconvenient ossuary for fossils such as myself who am a member of Her.

In the light of this argument, it does no good to refer to the sublime relics of art which are the repositories of Mary's praise. Duccio, Pergolesi, Bach, Hopkins (who compared the Blessed Virgin to the air we breathe) can be said to have wasted their breath. Their graven images must go along with the image of Mary at the kitchen sink. I have enough kick in me, however, to believe myself, the Church, the Mother of God and God Himself to be alive. I believe that life is more than the body's ability to sustain it. The breath I draw is invisible to Mr Ryan because, perhaps, he does not breathe it.

I have no doubt that Ms Warner's book is a serious study – an effort to grapple with her own loss of childhood faith. Perhaps her vigorous inquiry will throw light for Catholics on abuses of doctrines concerning Mary. Perhaps out of the ashes of the dead Mary the living Mary will emerge – not Queen of ethics, but Mother of the life of grace. I and others like me are drawn to her because she holds a potent, living mystery – the veiled happening of the Incarnation – and that contains the life, death and breath of everyone. Who, on seeing certain ikons, for instance, could imagine Mary as chief female eunuch in a harem of mindless *hausfraus*? She invites the serious mind to contemplate truth. And even if she has been exalted for the poor and ignorant into a 'holy cow', I might suggest that cows at any rate feed people. Modern philosophy has never sustained the spirit of anyone with nything so nourishing as pure and simple milk.

ANN REDMON
40 Broomhouse Road
London SW6

Colditz in Reverse

Sir, I would be glad to hear from anyone with vivid memories of the 400,000 German prisoners-of-war who were kept in Britain for up to three years after the end of the last war. In writing a book about them for Messrs Hamish Hamilton I am finding stories of befriending easier to come by than the reverse and shadow side of the picture. I am particularly seeking information about 1945, when anti-German feeling was rife, about the 'London Cage', the conditions in the camps in Belgium, and the fate of the Waffen-SS in our hands. Confidences will be respected.

MATTHEW BARRY SULLIVAN
Nine Elms
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BOOKS & ARTS

Jonathan Raban

First Person Plural

Infants of the Spring by ANTHONY POWELL *Heinemann* £5.00

The Marble Foot: An Autobiography 1905-1938 by PETER QUENNELL *Collins* £4.95

All over England, from converted croquet huts on well-trimmed lawns, from attic studies, and from studios overlooking Chelsea Reach, comes the soporific rattle of a dozen electric typewriters. The Men of Letters are knocking out their memoirs. Each leather-topped desk bears – or so one might justifiably suspect – a printed memorandum, prepared, perhaps, by the Regent School of Successful Writing. Headed 'Your Autobiography: Hints and Wrinkles for the Tyro', it runs, in part: 'Genealogy (see accompanying leaflet), Your Household (Mother, Father, nanny, housemaids, etc.), Schools (unhappiness at school has been overdone, so treat it lightly), Oxford in the 1920s (mention John Sutro and the Railway Club, Cyril Connolly, Brian Howard, Hugh Lygon, Maurice Bowra, 'Sligger' Urquhart, the Hypocrites Club, boast of drinking exploits), Your first sexual experience (a tart in Paris in the long vac), Country house weekends (preferably Ottoline Morrell at Garsington, but the Sitwells in Yorkshire will do at a pinch), London parties (remember Inez Holden), foreign travel (rehash your old travel books for this section; they're safely out of print), portraits of celebrities (dig out all the essays you've written lately for Festschrifts and memorials) . . .' Etcetera, etcetera.

The section headed 'Style' is interesting. I quote only a fragment:

> Recall the immoderations of your youth in a manner of unflappable irony. Remember that it all happened a long time ago and doesn't matter now. Adopt as many old-fashioned locutions as you can. Refer to the recent past by such phrases as 'of late years'. Cultivate a tone of gentlemanly boredom with life. At your age, a certain weary snobbery is most becoming.

Finally, a useful tip on indexes. They should run, roughly, from 'Acton, Harold' to 'Yorke, Henry', and if throughout the text you have been referring to, say, 'Chubby' or 'Gumbo', his title and country seat should be included in full in the index. Thus: 'Gumbo' see Chatterbourne, Basil Mountcalm De Clairvaux, 14th Earl of Gloom, of Hartletop Hall, Lincs.

It is perfectly possible to produce a book of sorts by following this prescription, but it is no recipe at all for autobiography. This is the stuff of which *memoirs* are made – and the plural noun gives all away. Events are included merely because they happened to happen. There is no narrative drive, no passion, and only the most genteel and cursory of attempts at self-examination. Beside real autobiography (*The Education of Henry Adams, Father and Son, Memoirs of a Foxhunting Man, My Father and Myself, A Cab at the Door*) such books have the desultory, synthetic flavour of crushed soya beans. The chemical formula to which they are manufactured ought to be printed clearly on their dustjackets.

Anthony Powell is widely regarded as our most accomplished living novelist. *Infants of the Spring* is the first volume of an autobiographical epic of as yet unspecified length entitled, ominously, *To Keep The Ball Rolling* (presumably an allusion to an IBM Golfball). It is a book so boring, reticent and formulaic that it would hardly be a creditable effort had it come from the hand of an idle brigadier jotting down his Notes of an Old Soldier or Tales of an Officer's Mess. Mr Powell begins by tracing his family tree back to Old King Cole and Rhys the Hoarse, constructs a complete stud-book of Powells and Wells-Dymokes, then embarks, in a style of stultified discretion, on a rambling, much-interrupted account of his own life. Ten pages short of the end (apropos an undergraduate gaffe he once committed in the presence of 'Bowra, Maurice, Oxford don') he remarks:

> One learns in due course (without ever achieving the aim in practice) that, more or often than not [*sic*], it is better to keep deeply felt views about oneself to oneself.

This is, no doubt, an excellent precept for anyone who wishes to pass unscathed through the world of Wadham or White's; as a rule of thumb for an autobiographer, it is about as desirable as Maule's Curse. In *Infants of the Spring*, Mr Powell achieves his stated aim with leaden regularity; he eradicates himself from his story with such clinical thoroughness that by the end the reader is left with a faint whiff of antiseptic in his nose as the only evidence that a human being has been there at all. He is simply neither frank nor caddish enough to bring off even a passable autobiography.

Edmund Gosse (who was sufficiently frank to be superbly caddish) has a striking passage in *Father and Son*:

> Through thick and thin I clung to a hard nut of individuality, deep down in my childish nature. To the pressure from without, I resigned everything else, my thoughts, my words, my anticipations, my assurances, but there was something which I never resigned, my innate and persistent self.

It is precisely this quality which is missing from Anthony Powell; he offers us the life and times of an immaculate zero. That this zero is a deliberate and evasive mask is quite clear from his peppery character studies of his contemporaries. In a series of set-piece portraits of Henry Yorke, Cyril Connolly, George Orwell and Maurice Bowra (some of which have seen the light of print in other contexts, and which severely disrupt the frail narrative on which *Infants of the Spring* is strung), Powell reveals himself as sceptical, sardonic, alert to pretensions and absurdities in his friends which he resolutely refuses to detect in himself. The character of 'Anthony Powell' remains undramatised – a pair of eyes and ears mutely abroad in society.

This elusiveness (which has won him so much acclaim in his fiction) is perhaps a more positive quality than it seems at first sight. The social world into which Powell was absorbed, first at Eton, then at Oxford, was one which had a high esteem for eccentricity but not much regard for character. Powell approvingly quotes Bowra's system of social classification in which people were 'Able', 'Upright', 'Nice Men', or 'Shits of Hell'. In a world (like that of Powell's own fiction) of manners and conventions rather than of morals and psychology, this infantile code sufficed; but, not surprisingly, it seems to have rendered its users incapable of self-examination. Nice men – like oneself – are all but invisible. They are more acted upon than acting. Their decencies are negative qualities, exposed by the general awfulness of the world around them. Waugh's Tony Last in *A Handful of Dust* is a nice man cast among the shits of hell; Powell's narrator in *The Music of Time* is a nice man cast among the able, the upright, the 'unpresentable' (another Bowra word) and the mildly shitty.

The main question raised by this numbingly silly version of morality is why writers as gifted and intelligent as Waugh and Powell should have been so unerringly drawn to it. Their ideal of gentlemanliness looks simple-minded when set beside the much more complex values of their immediate literary predecessors like Thackeray and Trollope. Yet unlike Thackeray and Trollope, Waugh and Powell have been able to believe that there are very few gentlemen left; that the world is increasingly vulgar and louche, and that nice men are as rare as golden eagles. It was surely a mistake for Powell to write *Infants of the Spring*; by attempting an autobiography of a nice man he has exposed the vapidity of his ideal in a way that could seriously damage the status of his fiction. For all its charm as an epic of beautifully orchestrated gossip, there is a shallowness at the heart of *The Music of Time*, an absence of anything that could be called a moral intelligence. *Infants of the Spring* charts the growth of that absence with disturbing pride.

Peter Quennell is an exact contemporary of Powell's. They made friends at Oxford, and their indexes tally. But *The Marble Foot* is a much better book than *Infants of the Spring*, partly perhaps because Quennell's father weaned him at an early age

Among this week's contributors:

DAVID MARQUAND's biography of Ramsay MacDonald will be published next spring.

MALCOLM BRADBURY is Professor of American Studies at East Anglia.

HUGO WILLIAMS's latest collection of poems, *Some Sweet Day*, was published last year.

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from the cult of gentlemanliness. Quennell Senior was an architect turned freelance author:

> Snobbery was not among his failings. He had become, however, an inverted snob, a particularly English type, and was fond of telling stories, and delivering pronouncements that illustrated our modest position in the world. 'Don't forget,' he enjoined me at a family meal, 'that *you* are a member of the *lower* middle class!'

The Quennell household was one in which children were encouraged to think of themselves as 'highly strung' and *sui generis*. Their father, a humorous, irascible, largely self-educated man who lived by the gospel of hard work and was much given to impulsive crazes, moved on the fringes of the Berkhamsted intelligentsia – an oddly assorted group which included R. H. Tawney, W. W. Jacobs, G. M. Trevelyan and Mrs Humphry Ward. People who grow up on social margins have to make an early reckoning with their own characters, without benefit of the protective custody of family trees and class manners.

By the time Peter Quennell arrived at Oxford he was evidently more fully formed and self-aware than any of his contemporaries except, perhaps, Connolly. He was already known as a promising poet; he was beginning work on a biography of Blake; in the prevailing climate of mild public school hellenism, Quennell stood out as a determined heterosexual. Sir Alec Douglas-Home (then Lord Dunglass) wondered if he was 'quite decent' and Brian Howard dropped him. A certain caddish intransigence of character kept Quennell a little apart from the braying herd of gentlemen. Yet as he chronicles his gradual assimilation into smart literary society, first at Oxford, then in London, so this character begins to leak out of his book. He too becomes an invisible man. When he describes his first two marriages, the women are vividly done but Quennell himself is no more than a ghostly cipher, too innocent, too all-ears-and-eyes to be believable.

Powell appears to have surrendered himself to a conservative nostalgia for Society; Quennell's surrender has been made to Style – to the cold pleasures of making phrases. 'My love of the English language,' he writes, 'has become a superstitious cult.' He is a Stylist as another man might be a french polisher. Every distancing irony is placed just-so. The even rhythm of his prose is fastidious and impeccable. His metaphors gleam as if they lay under several coats of clear varnish. The total effect is one of lifelessness and impersonality. Quennell has successfully practised the embalmer's art on his own person.

These strange unacknowledged attempts at self-surrender seem characteristic of a whole generation of English writers. Evelyn Waugh spent his life acting out such impulses on a scale so grand that it was at once heroic and absurd. Why have so many middle-class intellectuals, now in their seventies, craved this absorption into an archaic vision of society or an equally archaic vision of literary style? Perhaps only history and biography will explain. For lives like theirs, autobiography is a singularly unilluminating form: it would appear to be too much of a contradiction in terms.

Giles Gordon
100 Scenes from Married Life

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'Works triumphantly.' *Glasgow Herald* £3.95

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'This new collection of a dozen short-stories displays Mr King's mastery of the genre.' *Sunday Telegraph* £3.95

Stanley Middleton
Still Waters

'*Still Waters*' merits reside, not so much in the quality of its sheer story-telling ability as in the extraordinary sensitivity of its observation.' *Guardian*

'The style has all the polish of good writing.' *Sunday Times* £4.25

Hutchinson

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David Marquand

It's My Party

Callaghan: The Road to Number Ten by PETER KELLNER and CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS *Cassell* £3.95

With the possible exception of George Lansbury in 1931, no incoming leader of the Labour Party has faced a more daunting inheritance than James Callaghan. The economy is still gripped by an unprecedented double crisis of deep recession and high inflation, burdened by enormous debts and vulnerable to the slightest shift of international opinion. In Northern Ireland, civil order is maintained only by armed force; in Scotland, demands for the break-up of the United Kingdom are held at bay only by the promise of constitutional changes which may yet lead to the same destination by a slower route. At a deeper and less obvious level, our long-drawn-out crisis of economic maladaptation, of which all these are merely the symptoms, shows no sign of ending: if present trends continue, Britain's *per capita* national income in the middle 1980s will be about half the French and on a par with that of Greece.

The nation's problems are mirrored by the party's. To be sure, Labour is in government; in spite of the precariousness of its majority, it has succeeded in carrying through an enormous volume of contentious legislation. In spite of high unemployment and a significant fall in living standards, the alliance between the parliamentary leadership and the dominant trade unions remains intact. Partly because of this, there is no serious threat to the leadership from within the parliamentary party and no immediate danger of a return to the kind of factional strife that plagued the movement in the Fifties or the Thirties.

At a deeper level, however, the party faces two ominous challenges, to which no one has yet found even the beginnings of an answer. The first is ideological. For more than 25 years now, the Labour Party has been unable to make up its mind whether it is really a 'revisionist', social-democratic party on the German or Swedish model; or whether it still accepts its old assumption that social justice is incompatible with private ownership of the means of production. Hugh Gaitskell tried, not very adroitly, to force his followers to answer this question, and failed. Harold Wilson did his best to fudge it, and succeeded only too well. But the question is still there; and the need for an answer becomes more and more pressing all the time.

Twenty-five years ago, even five years ago, 'revisionists' and 'fundamentalists' could agree in practice, even if they disagreed in theory. Public ownership of the steel industry, or the creation of a state holding company, could be advocated on pragmatic grounds by the 'revisionists' and on doctrinal grounds by the 'fundamentalists'. The larger the public sector grows, the more difficult this accommodation becomes. For although it has not been reached yet, a point must come sooner or later where more nationalisation would challenge, not merely the existing 'mix' of public and private ownership, but the whole notion of a mixed economy. And when that point comes, the Labour Party will have to decide, not merely what it says, but what it thinks.

The second challenge is sociological. The Labour Party has never accepted the Marxist doctrine of the class war, but it has always been a class party nonetheless – more so, indeed, than many of the Continental parties which did preach the class war. But although class is still the most important single influence on voting behaviour in this country, and although class loyalty is still the most important single source of Labour's appeal to its regular supporters on election day, class is no longer a satisfactory basis for a party committed to economic equality and social justice. For equality entails redistribution; and in today's conditions, meaningful redistribution – redistribution, that is, which actually makes a difference to the lot of the poor and deprived – runs counter to the interests, not merely of a tiny handful of hard-faced exploiters, but to the broad mass of dues-paying, Labour-voting 'affluent workers'.

It is too soon to tell whether Jim Callaghan will succeed in meeting and overcoming the national and party challenges that face him. So far, we have seen some superbly skilful skating on some ominously creaking ice, but that is the most that could reasonably have been expected. Whether he can do more than that, and lead us off the ice and on to *terra firma*, remains to be seen – and, in any case, depends on us as much as it does on him. Skilful leadership can accomplish a great deal, but even the greatest leader cannot save followers bent on suicide. In the end, it will be the British people that decide whether or not our national decline is to continue, and the Labour Party that will decide whether or not to transform itself into the broad-based, social-democratic movement of conscience and reform that this country so desperately needs.

Yet it is not too soon to assess the strengths and weaknesses which he brings to the task; and, in their new book, Peter Kellner and Christopher Hitchens provide a useful, though rather breathless, summary of the evidence on which such an assessment must be based. Unfortunately, however, they have laboured under two serious handicaps – one inevitable; but the other self-imposed. The inevitable handicap is shortage of time, which has given the book a curiously scrappy – or perhaps 'scrapbooky' – effect, so that in places it reads like a series of press cuttings strung together. The self-imposed handicap is that, I assume deliberately, they have eschewed analysis and tried to achieve the rather two-dimensional objectivity of the 'Insight' reporter, instead of risking self-exposure by mixing reportage and comment.

This approach has undeniable journalistic advantages. It means that the author's prejudices do not come between the reader and the subject, and that the reader gets the impression that he is being allowed to make up his mind for himself. But in fact, of course, the reader is not being allowed to do anything of the kind. Authors have prejudices, whether they parade them or not; and their prejudices dictate the way they select their evidence, even if they offer no overt interpretations at all. And in a biography, even in a brief biography of this sort, 'Insight'-style objectivity leads, in practice, to a debilitating bloodlessness. What the biographer needs, above all, is sympathy, and sympathy demands a deliberate act of emotional engagement. Messrs Kellner and Hitchens have kept their emotions aloof from their subject; and, as a result, it never comes to life.

This would be sad enough, even if they were writing about the bluff, Anglo-Saxon country squire which, in some moods, Jim Callaghan impersonates so well. Since I strongly suspect that the bluff, Anglo-Saxon squire is a mask, disguising an enormously more emotional, more complicated and more vulnerable man than he appears to be on the surface, it is sadder still. For whatever else he may or may not be, Jim Callaghan is clearly not bluff and not an Anglo-Saxon. He is a Celt pretending to be a Saxon – full of Celtic guile, bristling with Celtic antennae and, I imagine, a prey to Celtic moods. This, indeed, is the source of his power – of his uncanny mastery of the House in the last few months, of his successful wooing of innumerable Labour Party conferences over the years, of his ability to communicate with a mass audience on television. To the extent that there is a conflict between the Celtic reality and the Saxon mask, it may also be a source of strain and tension.

But although Messrs Kellner and Hitchens do not paint a convincing portrait of Jim Callaghan the man, they do succeed in raising, if only by implication, the question that most needs answering about Jim Callaghan the political leader. For their Jim Callaghan is, first and foremost, a consummate Labour Party politician; and in this respect, at any rate, they are right. No leader of the Labour Party, not even Arthur Henderson, has known it better than he does, or been better at sensing its moods; that, indeed, is why he is its leader. But the Labour Party he knows and in whose service he has risen is, by definition, the Labour Party of the present and recent past – the party that will have to adapt itself to change if the challenges of the future are to be met. Can he use his unrivalled knowledge of its structure and sensitivity to its moods to help it make the necessary adaptation, or will he prefer to freeze it in the mould he knows? If he wants to do the former, I think he can. So far, at least, the omens are more favourable than I dared to hope when he was elected.

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Malcolm Bradbury

The Tip of Life

Thought, Words and Creativity: Art and Thought in Lawrence by F. R. LEAVIS *Chatto* £4.00

Not too long ago, a postgraduate student in my university read a paper, entitled 'If You'll Be Frank, I'll Be Karl', in which he offered himself for dissection as a symptom of a significant change in English Studies. Committed as he was to English as cultural study, he had worked with and been deeply influenced by F. R. Leavis in his York days; now, as a logical evolution, he had come to subscribe to the academic Marxism pushing hard into the centre of the subject. If it was a somewhat ironically stated preference, it was a recognisable one: a good deal of the cultural work done by the generation successor to *Scrutiny* has shifted this way.

It is easy, of course, to show that it is *not* a logical development, to show that Leavis's commitment to the creatively vital intelligence, as the one real means we have of assessing what is humanly wrong with our social order and our preference, is precisely *not* taken up by Marxism's stark, materialist historicism, its deterministic theorising, its explicit *un*concern with individually realised creativity. What is much harder, especially given the current sterile state of much work in English, is to face the question the student was asking: where, in the present order and the present academy, can today's student, conscious that literature does embody a dissent from the established order and its preferences, go *except* to Marxism?

One of the symptoms of the subject's difficulties is that it has few answers; but one is to point to the continuing force of Leavis himself. There has been the powerful late spurt of publication; there is now *Thought, Words and Creativity* – a book entirely about the primacy of the life Leavis finds seated in the creative imagination and in the sympathetic critical enterprise, and as explicit an assault on the Age of Social Science and the demoralisations and determinisms underlying it as his work anywhere offers. 'I think of myself as an anti-philosopher, which is what a literary critic ought to be'; Leavis's story is concerned with eliciting the meaning of a quite different mode of thought, at the same time being a demonstration of that thinking.

It is a mode very intimate with critical possibility; and very much at odds with the theoretical tradition represented by Marxism, and by its associated view of literature as historical phenomenon, derived event. Even so, *Thought, Words and Creativity* remains firmly focused on the cultural situation, on the social state of affairs. It is urgent, polemically concentrated, textually dense (Leavis's style, despite all the criticisms levelled at it, is grown more than ever a charged instrument), it vividly elicits significance from the texts it considers, and it takes those texts from Leavis's highest modern example of the vital creative intelligence, D. H. Lawrence, who is the central subject of the book.

Or perhaps the essential subject is the symbiotic relationship of Lawrence and Leavis. Leavis is one of the best modern readers of Lawrence we have, and utterly the best with a part of him – that part of Lawrence which is anti-science, enacting in fiction the deepest rhythms of root feeling, embodying that art which is thought, that thought which is art. Leavis's central aphorism from Lawrence is that 'Art-speech is the only speech', and it is the force of this that these readings are there to show. Accordingly, he takes Lawrence's thought-and-art not only as unifyingly central, but also *as* a unity; hence the a-chronological order of the readings, which are of *The Plumed Serpent*, *Women in Love*, 'The Captain's Doll' and *The Rainbow*, in that sequence. It is a whole Lawrence, and a real Lawrence, but a Lawrence set in that order and given certain weights for a purpose. At its critical centre, the purpose is to show the creative force of Lawrence, but it is also to relate the Lawrentian apocalyptics to Leavis's own, and so to focus them firmly in what might be called the *Scrutiny* vision.

Lawrence saw England dying in 1915; Leavis moves the chiliastic date to 1930. Lawrence died then in the same year that saw the ascendency of Kingsley Martin to this journal, the NEW STATESMAN. The burden of *that* portent is made very clear; the move to the age of Social Science and what now goes with it – the Arts Council, Reg Prentice, Ian Hamilton, John Gross, the New Fiction Society, suppressed creative energy, a job-obsessed, materialistic working class that has lost 'the tip of life' – makes it inevitable that the creative vigour Lawrence represents cannot be repeated: 'A new Lawrence has certainly been made impossible by changed conditions.' I am with Leavis enough to believe that this is true; we live in a materialist, historicist age, and we register it with just those modes of thought, as with parodied versions of selfhood and community, of which the move to a typological and determinist criticism is a significant part. But the particular cultural history the Lawrentian vision is made to support, the chapter of portents – Hueffer's losing the *English Review*, the short life of the *Calendar*, the lapse of the educated public, the dominance of Bloomsbury and its heirs, the apostasy of Eliot, the technologico-Benthamite commitment – are, in the end, a narrower record of failure than anything Lawrence asserts.

If the old battles now look a little shadowy, this is partly why. Thus Eliot, not forgiven for his (later retracted) judgment of Lawrence as incapable of thought, is the adversary example to Lawrence – an Eliot damaged by Valéry, Francophilia, and *la clarté*, artistic intelligence over-intellectualised. Yet if Eliot was Francophiliac, Lawrence was a Germanophiliac, deeply affected by the vitalism and intuitionalism of turn-of-the-century Continental thought. And, more importantly, he knew the urgencies of cosmopolitanism, urgencies that may have weakened *The Plumed Serpent*, may have been from time to time rescinded (Leavis quotes him in 1922, writing 'you don't catch me going back on my whiteness and Englishness and myself . . . How England deliberately undermines England'), yet were real to him, a living principle; he fought this as an endless battle, and it is there in *The Plumed Serpent*, where he urges something not English in any direct sense, but potent, explicitly seen as the 'international, cosmopolitan, or cosmic'. Leavis's sense of apocalypse depends, it seems, on not touching that note. He does, in the end, assert the 'rainbow portent' – 'Logic and automatism, impossible as it now seems, may yet be robbed of their final victory; the decisively new and unforeseen may yet

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reward us. There is enough of Lawrence's meaning, densely glossed in the book, to make this more than a rhetorical gesture. Yet it is a blank one for those who live in the age of logic and automatism, and seek to address it: even Ian Hamilton, John Gross, the NEW STATESMAN and the rest. It is blank because the 'international, cosmopolitan, or cosmic' is not in view. If we have to think, with what thinking we have got, into that, then I am sure we shall do it better with Frank's 'living principle' than with Karl's redemption by total reality. But, fine as it is, the book can find no way to say so, to that student of mine, or me.

Alethea Hayter

Teacher's Pot

Josiah Wedgwood by ANTHONY BURTON
Deutsch £4.95

'Wedgwood was doing something quite new . . . he was applying science to a mass industry.' It is on this aspect of Josiah Wedgwood's achievement that Anthony Burton concentrates in this new biography. Lucidly explaining for the general reader the technological terms and processes of pottery, he emphasises Wedgwood's 'careful, planned experimental work, meticulously recorded', his indexed records of thousands of experiments with new raw materials, glazes, colourings, new types of ovens and lathes, his invention of a high-temperature thermometer, his endless resource, patience and thoroughness in research, which perhaps contributed as much as his friend and co-grandfather Erasmus Darwin did to the heredity of their joint grandson Charles Darwin. That, the scientific genius, was one side of Wedgwood's achievement as this book portrays it; the other side was its application to 'mass industry'. Wedgwood is shown as a pioneer in division of labour, organisation of production lines, development of transport for raw materials and finished products, salesmanship, advertising, even the formation of a prototype of the Confederation of British Industries.

Mr Burton has resisted the over-simplification of presenting Wedgwood as a typical Industrial Revolution face-grinder. Wedgwood did, it is true, keep down wages while prices soared, reduce diversified independent jobs to assembly-line monotony, and support protection or free trade only as each impinged on his own raw materials and products. He despised the taste for the showy and gaudy of those whom he described as 'our inferiors' and 'the mob'; good taste, he was convinced, filtered down the social scale from the top, from the royalties and aristocrats whose patronage he eagerly sought; much of his early fame came from the dinner services he designed for Queen Charlotte and the Emperor of Russia. But he was a just and humane though despotic employer, and his general opinions were Radical: he sympathised with the Americans in 1776, welcomed the French Revolution, and himself designed the famous 'Am I Not A Man And A Brother?' cameo which was the campaign badge of the Society for the Suppression of the Slave Trade.

His personality, like his opinions, was complex and ambiguous. Patient, diplomatic and far-sighted in negotiation, he was impetuously enthusiastic in expanding his business, with a driving energy which whirled him to the top. The facetiousness and mock-modesty of his letters to his friends set one's teeth on edge; his letters to his children are imaginative and delightful. Cranky and hypochondriac over his general health, he was stoically brave when his leg had to be amputated – of course without any anaesthetic.

As a scientist, as a manufacturer, and as a human being, Wedgwood is well portrayed in this biography, but it gives little indication, apart from its illustrations, of the aesthetic side of his achievement. The relationship of his products to the Neo-Classical taste, literary ambiance and antiquarian discoveries of the day is rather superficially touched on. All matters of taste in the Etruria products are assigned to Wedgwood's partner Bentley, rather than to Wedgwood, who was self-educated, untravelled and monoglot. This perhaps underestimates Wedgwood's strong feeling for elegance of form and texture in the pottery he designed, the perfectionism which made him, after long experiment, still reject whole kilns-full of vases which did not reach his exacting standards. His greatest contribution to the taste of the general public was his combination of perfectionism and business acumen, which enabled him to develop mass production without sacrificing aesthetic standards. This achievement of bringing beautiful artefacts within the reach of a wide public made it possible for a Radical newspaper, 22 years after his death, to use his name and products as a political symbol for the proletariat (a compliment which he would not have appreciated) by comparing the aristocracy to 'china trinkets' in contrast with 'the common Wedgwood pottery of the mass of the people'.

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Peter Wilby

On Your Marks

The Diploma Disease: Education, Qualification and Development by RONALD DORE
Allen & Unwin £5.95 and £2.50

The post-war world has witnessed the rise of a new proletariat: the unqualified, the uncertificated. Every major profession now requires a cluster of GCE Ordinary or Advanced level passes, or even a degree, before it will accept a prospective trainee. Even in such improbable areas as baking, brewing, travel, beauty therapy and freight forwarding, pseudo-professional institutes are attempting to impose the same restrictions. The certificate has become a badge of social acceptability, as important today as the right school or the right father was in previous centuries.

As qualification levels rise, the old mode of professional, on-the-job training declines. Librarians, who used to qualify through knowledge and love of books – through proving their *competence* to do the job – must now gain two A-level passes and take a two-year full-time college course in librarianship. The apprenticeship period has been reduced from three years to one.

Professional qualification requires increasingly heavy investments of full-time study and foregone earnings. The early school-leaver could once join an engineering company and through initiative, perseverance and hard work eventually rise to full professional status. No one could prevent him sitting for the qualification exams if he had studied in his spare time. Now, he must take a full-time course and, to qualify for that, he must have school-leaving certificates.

Those who leave school early are predominantly from working-class backgrounds; those who continue schooling and acquire certificates are predominantly middle-class. It makes not the slightest difference that the school-leaving age is now 16 and that every child has the chance to acquire O-levels. For the professions now require A-levels and, once nearly everyone stays to 18 and has A-levels, they will require degrees, and, once everyone goes to college and has degrees, they

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will require PhDs. The dreams of social mobility and equal opportunity recede with every extension of formal education.

Meanwhile, schools lose sight of educational goals and become concerned only with selecting and sorting, with 'credentialling' as the Americans call it. Schools do not offer the skills to help you *do* a job, but the qualifications to help you *get* one. Skills that will be needed in their working lives by the majority of their pupils are neglected in favour of an academic examination curriculum that is thought (probably wrongly) to constitute a suitable preparation for professionals. Practical subjects – craft, domestic science, metalwork – are neglected or distorted. If there are no certificates for them, they are devalued. If the certificates are based on examinations with 'insufficient academic content', professional bodies will not 'count' them and they are still devalued. So, to ensure that they fulfil their essential functions as qualifiers, the syllabuses are stuffed with spurious facts and theories for reproduction in the examination room. The inability to grapple with, or even to recognise, the problem of the qualification spiral is the central failure of educational reform since the war.

The reformers have tried to ensure that, in the qualification race, everyone runs under equal conditions, starting from the same point. Latterly, in frustrated and myopic muddle, they have talked of having everyone finish in the same place. They have never asked whether the race is worth running at all. It is as if the competitors in all Olympic events, whether swimming, hockey, javelin or marathon, had to qualify by running the 100 metres.

Ronald Dore has traced the growth of qualification mania and identified its deleterious effects with precision and wit. Alarmingly, he shows that what is a growing problem for Britain and other Western nations is a social and educational disaster for the Third World: India is the true home of the B.A. bus conductor. Where a society lacks an established industrial structure to support in-career training, the emphasis on pre-career certification is all the greater – Professor Dore calls it 'the late development effect'. And, where the contrast between life in a rural, subsistence economy and life in a modern industrial sector is especially sharp, the hunger of pupils and parents for those certificates dominates schooling from the very beginning and almost entirely excludes the kind of knowledge and skills that the mass of the people require for survival. The result is over-production of the educated and qualified unemployed and the kind of revolt that Sri Lanka experienced in 1971 – an event that led Professor Dore to write this book.

Disconnecting 'the educational cable-car', as Professor Dore calls it, requires a major effort of political and educational will in both the industrialised and developing countries. Schools should cease issuing graded certificates, except perhaps in literacy and numeracy. Professions should allow people to qualify when they can prove relevant competence, regardless of educational background and routes of study, and, when training has to be rationed, should use aptitude tests. In the past five years, two provincial government inquiries in Canada have proposed that it should be illegal for employers or professions to prescribe school certificates as qualifications for training.

Professor Dore's solutions are roughly on these lines (he rightly rejects the vaporous romanticism of de-schooling) but they are muddled by his curious belief that all human talents are innate and can be accurately identified at 16. In the end, the book trails off into a still more curious argument (disfigured by strange portmanteau phrases such as 'self-regarding achievement learning') for a Platonic guardianship of disinterested, ascetic professionals. But no matter: this book urgently needed writing, and that most of it is written with vigour and style is a welcome bonus.

We are sorry that in last week's list of selected books we misattributed the publishers of German Poetry 1910-1975 *by Michael Hamburger and* The Poet in the Imaginary Museum *by Donald Davie. They will be published by the Carcanet Press.*

Anthony Storr

Behave

Particulars of my Life by B. F. SKINNER
Cape £6.95

B. F. Skinner has been described as 'the most influential experimental psychologist of our time'. A strict behaviourist, he believes that

> a person's behavior is determined by a genetic endowment traceable to the evolutionary history of the species and by the environmental circumstances to which as an individual he has been exposed.

Gone, therefore, are human 'freedom and dignity'. 'What is being abolished is autonomous man – the inner man . . . His abolition has long been overdue.'

What manner of man is it who so unequivocally subscribes to such opinions; and what environment provided what 'contingencies of reinforcement' to make him, with no self-determination, the kind of human being he is? From the jacket of this, his first volume of autobiography, Skinner stares forth with uncompromising severity, like a headmaster pained by slovenly Latin prose.

Born in 1904, Skinner was reared in New York State, in Susquehanna, a town so small that it did not possess a book-store. His father was a lawyer, his mother a stenographer. It was not an intellectual household:

> neither my father nor my mother nor any of their close friends was a college graduate or knew how one went about choosing a college or getting into one.

Nor were they rich, although, in comparison with a comparable British family, it is worth observing that the Skinners had a car by 1910, and had had central heating for a few years before that. Both parents were Presbyterians, and the small boy early developed a Puritanical conscience which made him feel excessively guilty about trivial misdemeanours and which has left its trace in his facial expression.

Skinner's picture of life in an American small town before World War I is at first beguiling. He is ingenious, observant and above all extraverted. The small boy makes things, collects things, plays games, plays the saxophone. When not getting top marks in high school he collects telephone rents, works in a shoe store. More surprisingly, in a household in which the books consisted of unread 'sets' brought from travelling salesmen (*World's Great Literature*, *Shakespeare's Plays Illustrated*), he starts to write. Moreover, he gives us plenty of examples of his early verse and prose.

Like Compton Mackenzie, Skinner appears to have total recall, undiluted by judicious selection. His memory is backed up by the fact that every newspaper reference to his family, every letter to his parents, every page of his youthful diary appears to have been scrupulously preserved. Perhaps his parents regarded him as a 'Wunderkind'; a supposition reinforced by the fact that, at the age of 13, he believed himself to be the direct recipient of divine revelation. He is unusually honest about his early sexual guilt and erotic fumblings; but it is of course easier to be straightforward about such things if one regards one's behaviour as determined not by the self but by the environment. Isolated, one suspects, by his intelligence, Skinner compensated by regarding himself as 'special'; a view of self which may make achievement easier, but which also tends to

THE LABOUR PARTY AND THE WORKING CLASS

Tom Forester

"My advice to Labour Party members and trade unionists, is buy it and read it, it is well worthwhile."
Eric Heffer, The Tribune

". . . I was much struck by Mr Forester's virtues as a historian and sociologist, clearly presented answers to clearly posed questions, a rational tone, sound analytical gifts, general lucidity. A great deal of ground is covered with admirable conclusions."
David Caute, New Statesman
£3.75

Heinemann
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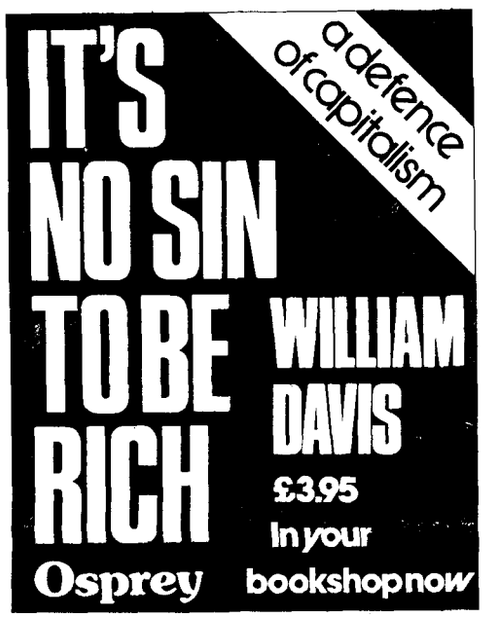
make everything which happens to that self seem equally enthralling. It is a view not necessarily shared by others. Thus, we are given long extracts from his diary of 1921:

> Thursday evening, June 16 . . . This is the first evening I have had to myself for a full week. To itinerate, Monday and Tuesday the 6th and 7th we played at the opera house after being disappointed at our Friday night job at Harrison's Pavilion. It was a damp night and we waited until 9 o'clock for a car from there to take us out. None came and Harrison did not even let us know that he had called the dance off. By this we lost another job for we could have played at the opera house substituting for the V.V. However, it turned out for the best as this orchestra could not get any substitute and Ryan got mad . . . Procrastination stole the time that I had meant to put to studies for tests and I went to them unprepared. However I stood – Physics 83, Cicero 88, English 93, History 96, Geometry 97 . . .

and so on, *ad infinitum*.

Skinner persisted with his efforts to be a writer until he was 23. He makes little of the disappointment it must have been to him to discover that, in spite of some encouragement from Robert Frost, literature was not his vocation. He attempts to be ironic: 'Fortunately for the historian of literature, all my freshman work can be identified because it was typed with a blue ribbon.' But he would hardly have kept or reproduced so much of it unless he had lingering regrets which he perhaps wishes us to share.

His first instalment of what promises to be a long book ends in 1928 when he finally enrolled in the Department of Psychology at Harvard as a graduate student. It was here that he adopted the psychological point of view which has made him famous, a view which denies the inner life and which studies only 'behaviour'. I do not think it fanciful to suppose that it was his failure as a creative writer which made him thus repudiate the imagination. It is also this denial which makes so much of the book a mere catalogue of external events. Writing a viable autobiography demands that the author, out of a myriad facts, shall select only those which are signficant and which will mean something to potential readers. Skinner's lack of any imaginative approach to his material makes him quite unable to do this.



Hugo Williams

Home Front

A Quiet Life by BERYL BAINBRIDGE *Duckworth* £3.25
Who Do You Think You Are? by MALCOLM BRADBURY *Secker & Warburg* £3.50
The Navigator by MORRIS WEST *Collins* £3.95
The Death of the King's Canary by DYLAN THOMAS and JOHN DAVENPORT *Hutchinson* £3.25

Sitting so neatly with her mug of coffee on her knee, Beryl Bainbridge stares off the jacket of *A Quiet Life* with the resigned omniscience of a portrait by Marie Laurencin. 'He could see the outline of the greenhouse and beyond, the small lighted windows of houses, snuffed out as the poplar trees swayed.' A family living in poverty in a seaside town during the war is blighted by a strand of waywardness in the adolescent daughter of the house. She wanders barefoot along the shore at night to meet her German PoW boyfriend. Each night her father stands cursing on the porch. 'He went back into the kitchen, slamming the door with such force the clock chimed the hour. It was only a quarter to twelve.' Her mother, catching her daughter's fever, preens upstairs for her 'Captain Sydney'. Her brother, through whom we experience this nightmare, pours his slender life into palliation, running between the warring elements like Henry Kissinger, and smashing his own chances of ever getting out.

Only a child would have tried. Only a child could have felt such cramped and persecuting detail. Gesticulating at the party wall, he turns up the radio, balanced on the window sill, to muffle the rows. No one is allowed into the lounge or the dining room. Everyone has to step over somebody to get to the kitchen. Chairs block doors. With a permanent scab on his back-parted head from the jutting mantel 'father listened morosely to the mutilated wireless'. His only joy is applying scalding poultices to his son's neck boils. Each of them pretends that their 15-year-old jerry-lover is the source of their agonies. But she is just a scapegoat. The actual problem is more commonplace: jealousy, children, getting old, going broke. The brother's nice girl friend finally bores him when he thinks of his sister: 'You wouldn't catch Madge spending an afternoon trying on hats and admiring a string of beads.' Throughout the novel he is being fitted for a hated grey suit which he will soon have to wear for the rest of his life.

It is a near-perfect book, the details so intuitively felt out in the darkness that they suspend one's knowingness even after one has been released from the experience. The symbols are there if you want them but they don't boringly interlock. If a metaphor looks like detaching itself from the crowd it is soon checked with a contradiction, as in life: the characters confound one's ideas on behaviour, let alone one's expectations of fiction. Miss Bainbridge can afford to look a shade more triumphant. She has caugh this book and brought it back alive. Oh, it surrendered, did it? *That* I don't believe.

Miss Bainbridge practises what used to be called intuition. Professor Bradbury writes from the command module, with a good view of the planet Satiricon. The only thing is, I doubt whether any one wants to know where he buys his shirts. The shirts are sleek enough, but the man in them is too elusive. I don't like self-expression in the raw but *Who Do You Think You Are?* is a good question, though perhaps these satirical sketches are as near a literature man can get to writing autobiographically? For the man who has no story to tell there are two ways of operating: satire and parody. Bradbury offers seven fine examples of each. Without seeming to pore over it too studiously (the first story concerns a sex-counsellor casually taking notes on a case which all but swallows him: 'we each had our professional role to perform, mine of adviser, hers of patient'), he introduces various received stereotypes, then has them execute a series of self-explanatory turns up on the high wire. It is a sophisticated puppet-show: the shrink-fixated nympho, the student crack-up, the laying of Homo BBC. He writes well about what he knows about, but what he knows about it is roughly what we all know about. Characters remind one vaguely of somebody one hasn't met, instead of of themselves. Which leaves him only style in which to manoeuvre. Bradbury is pretty strong in this field, however. There is a dinner party between two university couples, one English, one American. The scene is a *tour de force* of sustained dialogue. At the end the English pair leave. We watch the Americans undressing, talking, but it is the opinions of the absent English couple we are aware of.

And so to Morris West's identity crisis, this time his own as well as his characters' – *viz*, Am I a Writer or the Prophet Harold Robbins? *The Navigator* might have been a jolly South Sea yarn until killjoy West introduced his mystical theme to the adventurers, a bizarre cocktail of Pacific voodoo and Jesuit mumbo-jumbo, enough to becalm a ski-boat. Those under the influence set off on a voyage to find some legendary island. The trip is disguised as anthropology, but really it's about what they call 'finding out who you are'. Barely have we embarked for this enchanted paradise (Sex? Shame!) than Writer West pops in to explain the book is really nothing to do with undiscovered isles: it's about his hulking hero Gunnar Thorkild's choice of soul-mate. The poor thing can't choose between Martha the mad artist, Sally the doctor, Ellen Ching the dyke or Jenny the pregnant 17-year-old, and one has to sympathise with him. The book stops suddenly, as if West realised too late that he'd said too much, and the surprise ending comes as too much of a surprise to salvage such a wreck of improbable unreadability. Who *buys* these people?

The Death of the King's Canary is a collaboration comedy whodunit about a poet laureate. There are lots of 'brilliant' parodies which I can't trace, except to Thomas. Some people will believe him when he says they were all done by John Davenport, who never bored anyone in his life. Others will know better.

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Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Not So Farce

Mother's Day *Royal Court*
Jumpers *Lyttleton*
For King and Country *Mermaid*
Same Time Next Year *Prince of Wales*

If you found a script of *Mother's Day* with the first page missing, or were led blindfold into the second act of the play itself by the nice ladies at the Court, would you be likely to guess the identity of its author? David Storey, who *is* that author, reportedly insists that yes, you should, because it embodies his familiar preoccupations; and he may well be righter than some hostile reviewers have presumed. After all, he has devoted his dramatic career to picking over the splintered bones of a society already half-disintegrated and fit, as he seems to see it, only for the glue-factory. His characters have customarily been alienated from work, roots, parents, spouses, children and themselves. Their heads haven't liked what their hands were doing, and their hearts have disapproved of the contents of their heads. If one pieced together a composite play from *In Celebration*, *Home*, *Life Class* and the rest of Storey's relentlessly consistent oeuvre, one would probably end up with a lugubrious entertainment about a college-educated working-class boy who paints desultory abstracts in a lunatic asylum while his father (a Yorkshire hill-farmer or miner) croaks drunken insults through the keyhole: 'hey oop, sithee, lad, tha hust niver done nowt worth bloody aught, hust tha?'

Mother's Day isn't that play, nor is it lugubrious; but it does its bit to qualify Storey for a lectureship in what I'm told (seriously) is the latest academic discipline, Holocaust Studies. The scene is a council house, occupied by a family that insists, with every show of conviction, on its absolute normality. Mrs Johnson neglects Mr Johnson, keeps daughter Lil in a cupboard, and myopically worships son Gordon, a sex-maniac and would-be parricide. Runaway lovers come to the house, followed by a detective and distracted parents, to be (variously) seduced, raped, knocked on the head and fleeced by their genial hosts. Meanwhile Edna and Gordon, the remaining Johnson offspring, have jumped into bed together and decided to get married – a plan warmly approved by their mother, who hopes somehow to snitch their savings. This, it seems, is Storey's impression of England in 1976, a country that has systematically reduced its collective superego to a set of ritual platitudes and allowed its id to run berserk among the ancestral taboos, a tribe on the edge of moral anarchy. It makes a happy hunting ground for the student both of holocausts and of anthropology, which is presumably why our author emerges from the Axminster-carpeted rain-forest wearing a big grin.

That's right, a grin, by no means his normal apparel. Storey has clearly decided that our national pass is by now so pretty he might as well laugh as moan or rail; and so he's transformed his usually muted characters into grotesques and thrust them into a wild Ortonesque farce. There are, however, two troubles with this. First, Storey doesn't share Joe Orton's destructive glee, his nihilist delight in the dissolution of values: quite the contrary. Second, his natural sense of humour is deft and observant, more eyebrow-raising than rump-slapping, nearer to West-Riding Feiffer than anglicised Feydeau. In other words, he's chosen a form, a style, that is too flippant for his theme, and too broad for his own comfort; and, as a consequence, the play is helplessly marooned somewhere between his own *Farm* or *Contractor* and Orton's *Loot* or *What the Butler Saw*. Robert Kidd directs, and gets nice performances from Betty Marsden as the monster-mother, Bryan Pringle as a dilapidated dad and Alun Armstrong, all saliva and acne as the family rapist. But none of them can disguise that this is an amateurish affair, a phrasebook farce, full of those fatal misses that tend to dog people trying a foreign idiom.

Of course, it would be wrong to suggest that there's no such commodity as a serious farce, or farcical play of ideas. The disproof is there, for all to enjoy, in *Jumpers* at the National. But Tom Stoppard's madcap wit is all his own, not something begged or borrowed from others. It seems quite natural to him to bring onstage an earnest moral philosopher and a half-naked girl astride a chandelier, or to let a lecture about ethics momentarily dwindle into the burning question of whether or not the 'late Lord Russell' was unpunctual; and he has the imagination, the sheer mental verve, to yoke together even more heterogeneous ideas than those. *Jumpers* itself is a long, impressionistic debate about whether it is possible to sustain a belief in virtue, good, something absolute and unalterable and conceivably white-bearded, or whether we're doomed to be frazzled relativists in a permanently pluralistic world. It is an unfashionable subject, and Stoppard takes an unfashionable attitude to it, since his heart, if not always his head, is entirely with the fumbling traditionalist, George, and against George's up-to-date university colleagues – the yellow-suited school of logical positivists, behaviourists, utilitarians and other professional contortionists he has dubbed the 'jumpers' and placed under the Vice-Chancellorship of the urbane rationalist, Sir Archie Jumpers. But what transforms the unfashionable into the unique is his style, that derring-do blend of the intellectually challenging and amiably lunatic. It shouldn't work, but it does.

As you see, I find *Jumpers* irresistible and am delighted that it has been added to the thin repertoire presently to be found at the Lyttleton. That said, I must admit I found Peter Wood's revival rather less satisfying than his original production four-odd years ago. The trouble isn't so much the principal substitution, which is Julie Covington, earthier and more credibly distraught than Diana Rigg as George's chanteuse-wife, Dottie. It is that the general tone has become too manic, too frantic. Bernard Gallagher overplays the caricature detective, Bones, quite dreadfully, and even Michael Hordern, though still very fetching as George, is apt to exaggerate his mad-professor mannerisms. There is simply too much scratching, clearing of the throat, distracted wriggling of the shoulders and emphatic furrowing of the forehead. An actor in a Stoppard play who strains for laughs is no more appropriate than a waiter in a three-star restaurant who personally shovels the food down the diners' maws.

For King and Country is the stage version

Neville Braybrooke

A Writer's Cat

The sea throws up fishes and ideas:
Two children dressed as penguins walk by its edge in a carnival parade
I remember the day a favourite cat died.
At dawn I carried him into the garden and laid him on a bed of mint,
Still breathing.
The eyes I had known for almost thirteen years followed me about.
When the post arrived, he gave a short purr:
It had been his habit since a kitten.
It was his last link with my world of manuscripts and books.
Our parting would be soon.

Later when I wrapped him in an old cardigan
I thought of Anatole France and St Maël's baptism of the penguins –
And how St Catherine had said:
'Give them souls – but tiny ones.'

I will settle for that
For my cat.

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of the movie with Courtenay and Bogarde, the one about the innocuous bumpkin shot as a deserter in World War I. In Bernard Miles's production it is touching, nothing much more. Make a mental note, though, of the actor, new to me, who bumbles gawkily through the lead: Paul Copley. Michael Crawford and Frances Cuka (both old to me) are the very lovely people doomed to commit regular adultery in Bernard Slade's flimsy two-hander, *Same Time Next Year*. We're supposed to laugh at their quiddities as the Fifties and Sixties age them, and let slip a sentimental tear as their annual one-night stand creaks punctiliously towards its fourth decade. I found both responses difficult.

Art

John Spurling

Out of Mind

Summer Show 5 *Serpentine Gallery*
Portraits by Roger Fry *Courtauld Institute Galleries until 14 October and then Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield, from 23 October*

The last of this summer's shows at the Serpentine Gallery is of five artists (one of them a group), selected by Michael Craig-Martin, a leading light among Conceptualists. It is a show which one might easily pass round with ribaldry or even, if one was emotionally involved with a particular artistic convention, with a sense of being threatened.

Compared to most other kinds of visual art the physical aspect of this show is slight. Not that the works are small; four of them are clearly intended to make use of the whole space they are placed in, so that if you wanted them in your home you would have to empty a room; but they are extremely simple. They stand to, say, a Titian or Constable as an amoeba does to a man. This simplicity is of course deliberate, the artists' purpose being to submit their ideas to the spectator's contemplation in a much rawer state than usual.

Amikam Toren's *The English Colour Manifesto* is a set of framed definitions from the *Concise Oxford Dictionary* of each of the primary colours, with a blob of the appropriate colour at the top, next to a set of mixed definitions (one line from the entry for red, the next line from the entry for blue) with the appropriate secondary colour (as it might be purple) underneath. The dictionary definitions are almost infinitely suggestive and each blob of colour carries its own direct emotional charge. Although the reaction between them happens wholly in the spectator's mind, Toren's visible assembly together with its distinctly loaded title start the process and set certain limits to its outcome.

Is it a case of the Emperor's clothes? Yehuda Safran's main exhibit, entitled *Fall at six o'clock 1975-6* is a room on whose floor are laid eight strips of linoleum of varying sizes at right-angles to one another. The two longest are roughly the colour of tarmac, the two next longest sand-coloured and the four small strips are dappled. I took the whole to be a visual notion of last autumn as remembered by someone who walked in Kensington Gardens with his eyes on the ground and his mind elsewhere. That there happened also to be in the room one large dead leaf and several moribund wasps only reinforced the notion, even though they were accidental extras. The Emperor's clothes, then, are given a Pirandellian cut: you see autumn if you think you do.

The objects on display are not concerned with direct sensual pleasure, but like the exhibits in a murder trial they can be the evidence on which a verdict of sensual pleasure somehow obtained can be brought in. Lynne Elton's room looks more like a conventional art-show: there are small, carefully shaped and textured objects hanging at wide intervals all round the walls. The objects are made of ridges of sand on wood, painted with acrylic in the colours of earth: bronze, grey, black, brown, green-grey. The two largest hang close together at one end, gold and silver respectively, the ridges raying out from their centres. But although these are perhaps too crudely symbolic of sun and moon, the earth objects allude to the material of their planet without in the least representing it. They are better in memory than they look at the time.

The same cannot be said of *The Theatre of Mistakes*, an attempt on the part of five performers in battledress, housed in a small marquee on the Serpentine's lawn, to create an elaborate fugue of movement, gesture, glance and sound out of combining improvisation with imitation. The ideas rather desperately thrown up by the performers are too vague and too loosely executed to reverberate either in time past or present. It is like a slow party-game played by other people or a fugue improvised on the piano by a complete beginner – empty and irritating to the non-participant.

On the other hand, Colin Nicholas's chest-high, scrubbed plywood compartments seem too rigidly specific. If the spectator is to catch the idea in its pristine state, it should be no more than glancingly embodied in the physical object, yet there has to be enough there to stir the imagination or at least the curiosity. In the end nobody is fooling or threatening anybody, since every artistic convention is subject to the same rigorous law: the more an artist demands of the spectator, the more he must give him.

The exhibition of portraits by Roger Fry at the Courtauld is a kind of pictorial reunion of the Bloomsbury group. Here is the Bertrand Russell of the early Twenties, a trim-looking genius with pop eyes and tight mouth, the large forehead poked slightly at one; Clive Bell, smooth and self-satisfied (Fry did not much admire his criticism, which chiefly appeared, of course, in the NEW STATESMAN); Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson, donnish and disappointed in a dressing-gown, brooding perhaps on the League of Nations; and Lytton Strachey in triplicate, since Duncan Grant and Vannessa Bell took his likeness at the same time.

The flat early portraits of the youn Virginia Woolf and the young E. M. Forste are clearly influenced by Post-Impressionisn – Forster remarked of his portrait that h seemed 'to have fallen from an immens height on to a sofa' – but their delicacy wit and sadness is peculiar to Fry. Th most winning example of his art is th 1917 portrait of Maynard Keynes, done ir Bonnard-like colours against a brightly patterned wall. Keynes is shown seated ir an Omega workshop chair, an Omega pink crochet hat on his head, staring thought fully into space with the ghost of a smile while he composes a telegram to the Ameri can treasury on the theory of currency.

Films

John Coleman

End Game

Lina Braake *The Gate*
Logan's Run *Empire, ABCs Bayswater and Fulham Road*
Trackdown *London Pavilion*

Like that outstanding American documen tarist Frederic Wiseman, the German Bern hard Sinkel came out of the law (he is a qualified solicitor), to work first as an archi vist on *Der Spiegel* and then, from 1972 as a freelance of the cinema. Two years ago, at the age of 34, he made his firs feature: it is very good, inevitably reminis cent in its there-was-an-old-woman theme of René Allio's *La Vieille Dame Indigne* but none the worse for that. The senior citizen of the title is played by Lina Car stens, at the time an 82-year-old veteran of theatre and some 70 films, and she i extraordinary, by turns demure, mumpish vivacious, exhausted and sprightly. The Land and Credit Bank, one baleful day, say she has to leave her home: over her pro tests and even pleas to the Almighty ('I can't do any harm,' she says to herself lighting candles in a church), she winds up in another kind of Home, one for Old People. Körner (Herbert Bötticher), the supervisor, is a torn time-server, quickly seen complaining to the odd-job man Jaw lonski (Benno Hoffman) that his charges 'behave like a herd of pigs'. If this seems exaggerated, one can only cite Herr Sinkel's own testimony after some shooting on the spot in an authentic place of last resort – he had treated his aged amateurs as humans

> They started to demand better food, they wanted a glass of wine with their meal Whereupon one of their nurses got up and said: 'Why do you think you're here? To be pampered? You're here to be scrapped

The reality, suggests Sinkel, was worse than his fiction. And one reflects, then, that his swift, elliptic moves from one damn thing to the next joyous one are what allow the piece to be described as a 'comedy'.

There *is* a peculiar bitter-sweetness abou Lina's arrival. She tips Jawlonski; is ushered

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into a room to be shared with twin sharp-nosed sisters, sitting back to back like book-ends by the table, has been greeted with exquisite courtesy by another inmate, Gustav Härtlein, done with amazing grace by Fritz Rasp, 84, best known for his work for Lang and Pabst back at UFA. This Gustav is a swindler, the ace of banks, and he has the Home at the end of his forging pen. Lina is naïve enough to ask for a 4½-minute egg at breakfast: when she falls ill subsequently, it is the debonair crook who smuggles a fresh egg in to her: and, not long after, she is in cahoots with Jawlonski, feeding her own hens and getting him to rehabilitate an abandoned tricycle. On this, she rides into the neighbouring town, where a sub-plot of a hairdresser and her Sardinian helpmate is drawn in. Lina, as she grows tougher, is out to revenge herself on the bank that did her down and Gustav is delightedly to hand, via games of Monopoly, an old movie they see together, to teach her how to go about it. If the details of their mutual operation blur a little in memory, it hardly affects the progress of the tale. The old lady learns to walk and talk like a *grande dame*, has herself coiffed, made up and garbed at the hairdresser's, brings off a coup at the bank that finds her en route to Sardinia and buying a property there. '*Kein aufwiedersehn*,' murmurs Gustav as she lights out. But the fraud is discovered and she is back at the end, Home again, yet happy, knowing further escapes are now always possible. Anything is possible, you're only as old as you feel, God helps those who help themselves: the message may be a familiar one: Sinkel's brilliantly realised context, with its frieze of senescent faces, its moment-to-moment invention, revives it utterly.

Michael Anderson's *Logan's Run*, taken from an SF novel I am assured made interesting sense, is at the other pole from *Lina Braake*. We are in the 23rd century; once over 30 and your time is up; the Sandmen will get you if you try to escape, become a Runner. Great Lifeclocks control colour-changing crystals imbedded in the dome-enclosed citizenry's hands. In one of the few very special effects that may raise the viewer's slackening pulse, those whose Last-day has come file on to a Carrousel, robed and masked, and go spinning suddenly through the air, to be zapped down electrically. Elsewhere there are a not bad cosmetic surgery lab, some vehicles whizzing through transparent tubular highways, and an all-too-brief glimpse of a Love Shop (like any paid-up android, I was rather looking forward to this). Michael York, a conscience-stricken Sandman, and Jenny Agutter, just Jessica and in league with the Runners, are the couple who make their getaway into the wilderness outside, but really anyone who can keep a straight face for money would have done. The bonus here is provided, as so often in other unworthy vehicles, by Peter Ustinov, a white-bearded old man surrounded by pussies, stumbled on mumbling noncommittally from *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats*. Mr Eliot gets a credit, as does – much to my amusement – most of Texas, including the Dallas Market Center. I was gratified about the last as my scrawled notes already read 'a glorified Brent Cross shopping thing' about one

In the Autumn number of the

New

Universities Quarterly

Culture, Education and Society

CHANGE & CONTINUITY IN URBAN LIFE

Krishan Kumar: **THE INDUSTRIAL SOCIETIES AND AFTER**

. . . we have been dazzled precisely by the brilliance of the nineteenth century analyses, and have tended either not to notice new things happening or to interpret them too readily in the categories we have inherited from those thinkers . . . 'the generously stimulating tyranny of our classics'.

R. E. Pahl: **PATTERNS OF URBAN LIFE**

It may not take long for a nation of shop-keepers to turn into a nation of hustlers. However, perhaps a society based on *whom* you know rather than what you know may be a more humane, pleasant and happier society in which to live.

Colin Seymour-Ure: **CHANGE IN MASS MEDIA**

Technological visions can easily culminate in an endless tangle of multi-cored cables carrying a babel of messages that reduce the audience to a catatonic trance. Social variables are probably much less adaptable than the technical.

Alasdair Clayre: **IMPROVING THE QUALITY OF WORK**

. . . if nothing can repay a man in leisure for the capacities of enjoyment that depriving work has destroyed, then monotonous work is paid for in a coinage which work itself debases.

Fred Inglis: **A LANDSCAPE AND ITS MORALITY**

The chainstores, especially in supermarkets, have not (as predicted), levelled taste, they have hugely extended it. They are the vast cellars of smallish homes to which the motorcar is dumb waiter. They make the facilities of the rich universally available.

Trevor Smith: **THOUGHTS ON BRITISH POLITICS**

. . . society now largely consists in technique and process; unique acts have given way to a series of continua which have neither beginning nor end and in which case and effect cannot be disentangled. Activity of the modern kind cannot be subject to periodic audit, it can only be monitored — which is an altogether inferior form of accounting.

Ivor Smith: **ARCHITECTURE — A CELEBRATION**

There are those who regard this as inhibiting to rational thought. I regard it as essential. It saves reinventing the wheel for every move forward. . . . Our concern is not with images of the past but with the underlying order, not with appearance but with the innate structure and the relationships from which it has sprung.

Myron Atkin: **THE ANTAGONISM OF THE INTELLECTUAL**

American social scientists employed their increasingly powerful positions for partisan objectives during the 1960s. They tended 'to promote social change in directions *they* deemed necessary and desirable'. According to Moynihan, they exhibit an upper-middle-class leftism. . . .

AND OTHER REVIEWS

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huge, escalatored concourse. At the close, all the pretty sybarites emerge from their burning megalopolis and hesitantly stroke Mr Ustinov, realising in an inexplicable flash that Old Age may be a pretty good show. One trusts they washed their hands after, thinking of all those cats. *Trackdown* has the memorable, if unpersuasive lines, 'Sometimes you've got to take the shit with the sugar, honey. It's all part of growing up'. This from a successful call-girl to a new kid, minty from rape, whose muscular brother (Jim Mitchum, more like dad every day) comes out of the Montana sticks to go through vigilante motions in Los Angeles. Growing up has nothing to do with it.

Records

Wilfrid Mellers

Buying Thrills

The Allman Brothers Band: The Road Goes on Forever *Capricorn double album 2637 101* £3.25
Steely Dan: The Royal Scam *ABCL 5161* £2.99

Originally the blues was a poetry and music made by black men in a white world: a private folk-art fulfilling a therapeutic function for an inverted elite of the dispossessed. The black man talked to himself, or to a few companions, through the medium of voice and guitar. As the black man was absorbed into white society, the blues came to terms with 'entertainment' and the 'togetherness' of the white march and hymn; the great blues singers now tended to be women who, as Mother Earth, represented the only solidarity that black men, in a white world, could hope for. During the Big Band era of the Forties the blues returned to the men whose virility complemented the band's industrialised, streamlined sophistication. Jimmy Rushing, Joe Williams, Joe Turner, yelling in the powerhouse with the Basie band, were all big men with big voices, shamen for their black-and-white community, offering corporate hope.

In the Fifties and Sixties the blues were exuberantly reborn. B. B. King acknowledges his origins as singer in the Texas blues of Blind Lemon, in the lyricism of Leroy Carr, in T-Bone Walker's compromise between country blues and the rudimentary jazz of show-business. As guitarist, he finds his roots in Django and Charlie Christian, as well as in traditional bluesmen like Lightnin' Hopkins and Lonnie Johnson. With the fervour of a Gospel singer he intensifies Rushing's lyrical abrasiveness, Turner's lilted shout, Walker's swinging relaxation; his performances come out as nervously fraught, yet mastered and masterly. Though his art stems from deep roots, it achieves a self-realisation made possible by the post-war revolution in the Negro's status. The rock-bottom reality of the country blues and the tension of urban jazz together 'shamanistically' affirm awareness, even belief, rather than a need to opt out or destroy.

New techniques are implicit in the new blues. If the shaman is to sing-speak to his people he needs amplification and electrophonic instruments to help him, for a private ritual has become a public act. To this fact there are revolutionary consequences. B. B. King remains predominantly a cult figure for a black audience; but older and older-fashioned bluesmen – Muddy Waters, Howlin Wolf, John Lee Hooker – returned to the scene electronically to revive their more primitive blues, now adapted to the oppressiveness of big city life, and addressed to a predominantly young, white audience. White rock music borrowed much from these and from younger men (Elmore James, Otis Spann) who worked in the same tradition. Big City malaise had spread to the affluent white young; rock blues offered tribal solace over the urban abyss.

The tradition survives in pop music today: as the pairing of John Lee Hooker with Canned Heat testifies. It's evident too in the band of the Allman Brothers who have recently issued a double album retrospect of their career from the mid-Sixties to the present. The finest music on these tracks is their recreations of numbers by authentic black bluesmen, mostly old-timers. In such numbers traditional material is brilliantly and pertinently alchemised; in comparison, the Allmans' own songs fall flat. One of their earliest successes, *Black Hearted Woman*, makes an impact but as a permutation of the blues sounds mechanised – not merely because technically it is so – as well as rocked. There's a comparably *voulu* quality about *Whipping Post*, and at the opposite pole about the electrophonic sweetness, concordant euphony and metrical symmetries of *Dreams*. The most interesting element in these songs is what may be an occasional influence of (aboriginal) American Indian vocal techniques, giving a hoarse stridency to African vibrancy.

In their recent work the Allmans explore a compromise between black blues and white country music. There's some touching acoustic guitar playing on *Blue Sky*, and a virtuosic weaving of metrical patterns in *Jessica* and *Ramblin' Man*. Since the Brothers are white, the enterprise seems honest enough; but since white country music tends of its nature to be heartless as well as mindless, what comes out is at first stimulating, then wearisome. The clickety-click and lickety-spit of the banjo-style rhythms have the jauntiness of the white American countryman, but also his complacence: which the black elements, though they may attain affirmation, can never afford. So as a total experience the Allmans' music is equivocal, like so much rock-pop. They want to be committed, and all credit to them for the intention: they don't however know what they're committed to. A real ritual music implies an audience that knows what the ritual signifies, whether that audience be the tatty remnant of an American Indian tribe, a Negro church congregation in the Deep South, or a vast assembly, in a vast city or over the telly, for a B. B. King concert.

The Allmans' equivocation was more or less the point from which the deservedly popular Steely Dan started, in 1972, with *Can't Buy a Thrill*. Ah, but you can: for what's thrilling here is the sheer professionalism of the young men's rhythmic zest, while the 'ritual' isn't involving since the tunes aren't strong enough to be memorable. On their latest disc, *The Royal Scam*, Steely Dan have overcome or evaded this by transforming psueudo-ritual, like third-period Beatles, into art. The verses are often witty and sometimes disturbing, since the poems are mostly 'about' something. To match the words the rigorously modal tunes are well-shaped, the rhythms – as much West Indian and Latin American as Afro-America – precisely vivacious, the sonorities telling, the harmony and tonality – when rare occasion offers, as in the haunting *Fez* – enlivening. The songs cover a wideish emotional range, from the melancholic wit of *Haitian Divorce* to the wide-eared wonder of *The Caves of Altimara*, from the bluesy lowdown anger of *Everything you Did* to the magically ceremonial march of *The Royal Scam*. What's 'inverted' in this number is not the audience, as with the old country blues, but the art: which is a game of let's pretend, celebrating the outcast. Though the irony means that the ritual can't be for real, that doesn't discredit it as poetry and music. The verses are rather beautiful, the music substantial enough to support the electrophonics.

Television

Derek Mahon

Analysation

A meridional yearning was evident in more than one of last week's programmes. Robert Robinson talked to Anthony Burgess at his (Burgess's) new home in Monte Carlo; Gustav von Aschenbach died in Venice; and an elderly German lady of no financial resources cleverly got herself a house by the sea in Sardinia (in *Lina Braake*, a film which also opened in London this week and is reviewed by John Coleman above). Robinson – and what a witty and erudite fellow he is – was starting a new series of the *Book Programme* (BBC-2: everything that follows is BBC-2) and was in luck with his subject, who is a compulsive talker as well as a compulsive writer. Why had Burgess left Rome for the Riviera? Well, he has a 12-year-old son, and was alarmed by the recent spate of kidnappings there; in Monaco the police are more vigilant. Would he ever consider living in England again? Not on your life. Having disgraced himself by reviewing Joseph Kell's *Inside Mr Enderby* for the *Yorkshire Post* (he was himself 'Joseph Kell'), he was blacklisted by the journalistic profession, moved abroad, and hasn't regretted it. Anyway, as a cradle Catholic, he has always regarded Protestant England as a foreign country. He spoke of 'spiritual values' and had a few harsh words to say about

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Honours Lists which honour TV comedians but not writers. We heard some of his Third Symphony – first performed in the United States last year – and took note that his new novel, *Beard's Roman Women*, is to be published shortly. An impressive figure, though one suspects that his politics might be disturbingly far to the right.

Seeing, that same evening, Visconti's *Death in Venice* for the second time, one viewer at least had the opportunity to observe subtleties that evaded him first time round: the fact that the ship which brings Aschenbach to Venice, and the prostitute in the flashback, are both called Esmeralda; and the camera on the beach in the final sequence. Also, not being distracted by the film's visual narcissism, its dwelling on predictable compositions, one was able to concentrate on a few brisk verbal occasions – of some importance, after all, if Mann's original intention was to be considered. The temperamental exchanges between a younger Aschenbach and a fellow composer, in which 'spiritual values' were again broached, are a case in point. The film is full of good things, though not, as one critic pointlessly declared, 'better than the book'. The one consistently irritating aspect is the posturing of the pulchritudinous Tadzio (Björn Andresen), whom I suppose we shall never hear of again. Poor Aschenbach, one felt, must really be in a bad way to prefer this supercilious child to his mother, the magnificent Sylvana Mangano.

On Sunday *The Lively Arts* was taken up with Mark Kidel's profile of Britt Ekland. Sorry, I mean Mark Kidel's profile of Rod Stewart; but she would keep getting in the way. No bad thing, perhaps, since she is at least reasonably decorative. Besides, Stewart had so little to say for himself, and she so much. Home from their American tax haven – 'everywhere is a tax haven but Britain' – for a promotional tour, they were whisked straight from the plane to Trafalgar Square for a photographic session. Rod ruffled his hair like an idiot, Britt chased the pigeons, then we all went off to the Savoy, where Rod cancelled an interview with Eamonn Andrews. That achieved, he flew to Paris, there to be interviewed on Radio Europe 1. Evidently his divinity is not properly understood in France, for he was kept waiting ten minutes and then treated with cool civility. He was clearly worried by the interviewer's questions, which were about music (he dislikes 'the analysation of music'), and much more at ease later on with a pop journalist who only wanted to talk about his image.

Babes in Hollywood, on Monday night, narrated by James Cameron, looked at that extinct species, the child star. We didn't see Shirley Temple, thank God, but we did see Baby Peggy and Our Gang. Where are they now? Some are still working in Hollywood as secretaries or sound editors. One turned to religion, another to heroin. The treatment of child actors was terrible: they might be told that their parents had been run over, to make them cry when crying was called for; and the parents themselves, like the studios they besieged, were monsters of rapacity.

Ian Hamilton will be resuming his column on 22 October.

Weekend Competition

No 2432 Set by Maud Gracechurch

Competitors are asked to rewrite a recent 'This England' entry in the style of any living novelist. You can expand the squib up to about 150 words, by 15 October.

Result of No 2429 Set by The Lemon Kid

Competitors were asked for a humiliating calypso which the victorious tourist team could chant on its way back to the West Indies.

Report by Spiro Keats

The humourless might detect the sour tang of racialism in this week's winning entries, part of the fun (especially in W. F. N. Watson's lines) deriving from the unsophistication of both form and content. Bear in mind, though, that the last laugh is on Honkie, since we're doing the grovelling (almost everyone pounced on Big Tony's brick – and quite rightly). £7 each.

There ain't no spirit of W.G.
In them stuffed shirts called M.C.C.
That M.C.C. is N.B.G.
  Is the theme of our Calypso!

We scored to off and we scored to leg
And we bowled them bums out middle peg
And none had guts 'cept Tony Greig
  When Holding let 'em rip so!

The land o' Hammond an' Hutton an' Hobbs
Was once the land of cricket snobs
But now it's *we* as are the nobs –
  To have made Ole England trip so!

And so our Victory Song we sing
And all around the message fling –
'At Lords now, man, it's we is King'
  In the hour of their eclipse-O!

RODDY REDDING

England batsmen, they quite outclassed,
Andy Roberts for them much too fast,
Mich'el Holdin' he too good for them,
R. C. Fredericks put the wood to them.

Clive Lloyd, he for Tony Greig too smart,
Takin' the England team apart,
England batsmen they can't get the runs,
But Gordon Greenidge he score in 'tons'.

West Indies on top from very first match,
Murray, he always take every catch,
Ain't no questions an' ain't no queries,
West Indies came good an' they walked
the Series.

W. F. N. WATSON

Englishmen ave got de blues,
Us big black cats took down deyre trews,
Deyre pitches slowest since de world began
West Indians ave made Greig grovel, man.

Richards 'it de English balls for six
An' Greenidge twisted up de English knicks,
We got 'em rattled like a pee in a can –
West Indians ave got Greig grov'lin, man.

Holding knock de English wickets flat
An' Roberts beat de English, pad an bat,
Deyre pitches slowest since de world began
But de quick West Indians made Greigie
grov'lin man.

MAY DAY

Tony Miles
Chess

No 1 British Championship 1976

This year's British Championship was weaker than for some years with Hartston, Keene, Stean, Nunn and many other strong players not competing. Taking this into account, it was reasonable to suspect that the winning score might be a little higher than the usual 8½/11. However, no one could have foreseen what actually happened. Jonathan Mestel clinched the title with two rounds to spare, by winning his first nine games, in the process breaking the 52-year-old record of F. D. Yates who won his first seven in the 1914 championship.

In fact only a last round loss deprived him of a new record points score in the competition, but his total of 9½ still equalled that of D. Yanofsky and C. H. O'D. Alexander. At 19 he is, to the best of my knowledge, the youngest ever British champion, a distinction which, but for another last round loss, he would have achieved two years ago. As a player he is a perceptive and accurate analyst with a fine imagination and sound temperament. If he maintains his current form he should have an excellent chance of winning the World Junior Championship in Holland later this year.

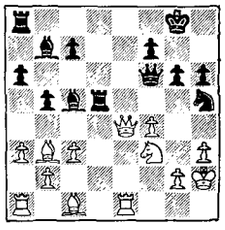
Emanuel Rayner, who lost the following game with Mestel was the discovery of the tournament, tying for third place.

White: A. J. Mestel. Black: E. Rayner.
1. N-KB3, P-KN3; 2. P-K4, B-N2; 3. P-Q4, P-Q3; 4. B-K2, N-KB3; 5. QN-Q2, 0-0; 6. P-B3, N-B3; 7. 0-0, R-K1.
Preparing to play . . . P-K4 and recapture with a piece if white exchanges pawns.
8. P-QN4, P-K4; 9. P-Q5, N-K2; 10. P-B4, N-Q2; 11. B-R3, P-KB4; 12. N-K1, N-KB3; 13. P-B3, P-B5; 14. P-B5, P-KN4; 15. P-N5, N-N3; 16. N-B4, B-B1; 17. P-N6 . . .
Sacrificing a pawn to open lines on the Queen-side. Otherwise it is difficult to make further progress . . .
17 . . . QP x P; 18. P x BP, Q x BP; 19. Q-N3, B-Q3; 20. N-Q3, P-N3; 21. B-N2, P-N5?
Opening up the King-side only increases white's initiative. Black should complete his development with . . . B-Q2, R-K2, K-R1 and R-KN1 before he even considers such action.
22. P-N3!, P x BP; 23. B x BP, P x P; 24. P x P, P-KR4?
Repeating the mistake.
25. QR-K1, R-N1; 26. B-Q1, K-N2; 27. P-R4, B-Q2; 28. Q-B3, R-K2; 29. N-B4!
Eliminating the black King's defenders . . .
29 . . . R-KR1; 30. N x N, K x N; 31. R x N ch! K x R; 32. R-B1 ch, K-N2; 33. Q-B3, R-R3; 34. N x KP! B-R6.
Desperation, but if . . . **B x N** (or . . . **R x N; 35. Q-B7 ch, K-R1; 36. B x R ch, B x B; 37. Q-B8 ch & 38. R-B7 ch mating); 35. Q-B8 ch, K-N3; 36. R-B6 ch! B x R; 37. Q x B ch, K-R2; 38. Q x R ch, K-N3; 39. Q-N7 mate.**
35. N-N4 ch, B-K4; 36. Q-B8 ch. Resigns.

I intend to organise the problem competition on a monthly cumulative basis. There will be a problem each week. Solutions must be postmarked not later than the second Wednesday following publication, and should be sent to me at the NEW STATESMAN. I will award points according to merit. At the end of each month I will total the points and distribute prize-money of £50 among leading competitors.

Here is the first problem: solution in two weeks

Black to play — how should he continue?



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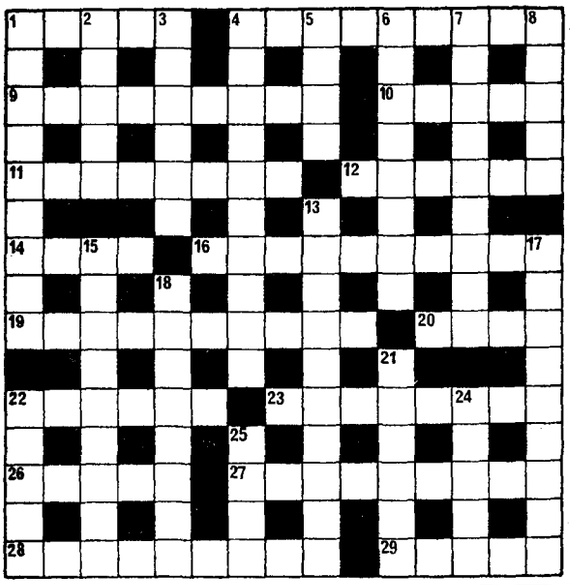
Weekend Crossword 1184

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1184, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 12 October.



ACROSS

1. Kind of boom which is not quite as pleasant (5).
4. Animal one has to shape and then distort (9).
9. Pretend an entanglement when ensnared (9).
10. The corrupting influence of ancient man on us (5).
11. 'Grievously hath Caesar —— it' *(J. Caesar)* (8).
12. Name taken from young lady seen committing an offence (6).
14. Politicians come after one, the devils (4).
16. Goddess essentially a means of communication (10).
19. Means of rising which could make the rest paddle (10).
20. Just water (4).
22. Old master holds a large number to be animals (6).
23. Change of routine needed before cure starts for nervous disorder (8).
26. Give us time for practice (5).
27. Shepherdess who discovers a silly ram gone astray (9).
28. Agreeable place for an actor (9).
29. Thirsty advertisement for spirit (5).

DOWN

1. Distorted aspirates met in the provinces (9).
2. Requirements of Northumbrian journalists? (5).
3. Gently urged a sharp tool inside the fish (6).
4. Composer who gets men to drive badly (10).
5. 'Some to ——, and some to be undone' (Dryden) (4).
6. Hurried up about the wherewithal to make love and grows up (8).
7. Fly hence — dear Romeo is undone (9).
8. Tiresome people, but if they lost heart they'd be favourites (5).
13. Swear the fool always had a meal (10).
15. Tattle about most of the proclamation, but not the subject (9).
17. Trained eleven recedes in confusion (9).
18. Footwear for the unsteady? (8).
21. Cried for some sunshi in part of garden (6).
22. Blockhead who mak noise among leftists (5
24. Score for match (5).
25. Tool to give for secur (4).

SETSQUAI

Solution to No 1182

Prizewinners to No 1182

Mike Lima (Oegstgeest)
R. G. East (Hove)
Sherry Maguire (London NW11)

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Telephone: Pontypridd 405133

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(National Association of Teachers in Further and Higher Education)

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The Association invites applications for the above post to take up duties on 1 May 1977. The successful candidate will become General Secretary on 1 September 1977.

Applicants should have a wide knowledge of education, particularly of further and higher education, and trade union experience.

The salary will be the same as the maximum of a Group 7 Principal on the Burnham Further Education Scales (at present £11,082 p.a.) together with London Allowance (at present £402 p.a.).

Further details may be obtained from the General Secretary, NATFHE, Hamilton House Mabledon Place WC1H 9BH. The closing date for applications is 19 October 1976.

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Applications are invited for appointment to the following:

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Applicants should have a good research and teaching background in areas of applied or theoretical econometric investigation.

Closing date:
15 NOVEMBER 1976.

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The University reserves the right not to make an appointment or to make an appointment by invitation at any time.

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Full information on application procedure, conditions of appointment, etc., is available from the Secretary General, Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF, or the Academic Registrar, Monash University, Clayton, Victoria, 3168, Australia.

Inquiries about the Department may be addressed to Professor R. H. Snape, in the University.

Closing Date: 15 November 1976

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Further details and application form from **Administrative Secretary, Age Concern England, Bernard Sunley House, 60 Pitcairn Road, Mitcham, Surrey CR4 3LL.**

Closing date for applications 15 October 1976.

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with special responsibility for music activity in the region, including opera and festivals. Applicants should have a wide knowledge of music and administrative experience in this field, preferably in a Regional Arts Association or other comparable professional organisation. The salary for the post will be within the local government officers' range AP4-SO1 (£3,678-£5,154). Full details from the **Director, South East Arts Association, 58 London Road, Southborough, Tunbridge Wells, Kent,** only on receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope, size A4.

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This is a re-advertised appointment. Earlier applicants need not re-apply.

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a monthly tabloid newspaper for Merchant Navy and Airline officers, requires an assistant editor (NUJ member) to assist in producing this newspaper.

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Application by letter to:

The Editor
The Telegraph (MNAOA)
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Fellowships

FRANK KNOX MEMORIAL Fellowships 1977. Five Fellowships for graduate study at Harvard University in the academic year 1977-78 are available to United Kingdom citizens who will have graduated from a British university or polytechnic before taking up their award in 1977; or graduated not earlier than 1975 and wish to attend either the Graduate Schools of Business Administration, Education, Public Administration or Public Health. Value of Fellowship $3,400 plus tuition. Details of eligibility and application procedure obtainable from university or polytechnic Registrars or The Association of Commonwealth Universities (Kx NS), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF. Closing date for applications at universities/polytechnics 1 Nov. 1976.

Scholarships

KENNEDY SCHOLARSHIPS 1977. Up to 12 Kennedy Scholarships are offered for postgraduate study in the academic year 1977-78 at Harvard University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. These Scholarships are available to United Kingdom citizens under the age of 26 who will have graduated from a British university or polytechnic by the time of taking up an award in 1977; or graduated not earlier than July 1975. Value of Scholarship $5,500 plus tuition and cost of transatlantic travel. Details of eligibility and application procedure obtainable from university or polytechnic Registrars, or The Association of Commonwealth Universities (Ky NS), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF. Closing date for applications at universities/polytechnics 1 November 1976.

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NEW STATESMAN
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Conferences

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'INTEGRATION?' The Special Education Issue. 'Conference 11 Nov., Imperial College, London. Speakers — a head teacher, medical adviser, school inspector and psychologist. Details Invalid Children's Aid Assoc., 126 Buckingham Palace Rd, SW1. Tel. 01-907 4688 & 01-730 9891.

SHEFFIELD AMNESTY GROUP. Day conference on 'The abuse of psychiatry in the treatment of dissidents in USSR'. Saturday 16 October 11.00-17.00. Medical School, Hallamshire Hospital, Sheffield 10. Bookings 0742-664925.

Meetings

CIVILISING THE CRIMINAL JUSTICE SYSTEM:
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Howard League for Penal Reform Public Lecture by Prof. L. Hulsman (Netherlands): Wed. 20 October, 6 p.m. (AGM 5.00) Royal Overseas League, Park Place, St James's Street, London SW1. (Green Park underground).
Admission free: donations welcome. Details 735 3773.

AFRICA CENTRE: 'Southern Africa – the current situation'. Panel discussion on recent events. Tues. 5 Oct. 6.30 p.m. 'UNCTAD IV': Lunch-time meeting with Frank Judd MP, on Nairobi Conference. Wed. 6 Oct. 1-2 p.m. 'The King's Gold': Talk by Malcolm McLeod, Keeper at the Museum of Mankind, on 'Regalia associated with Kingship in Ghana'. Wed. 6 Oct. 6.30 p.m. Admission 40p. Students 25p. 38 King Street, WC2. 836 1973.

MONDAY, 11 OCTOBER BEFORE 7.30 P.M. 'Tears and Laughter – Some thoughts on Modern Hebrew Literature' Lecture by Dr David Patterson, opening new session of Leo Baeck College Evening Institute, Montagu Centre, 109 Whitfield St, W1 at 7.30 p.m.

ADLERIAN SOCIETY. 'We Adlerians and Humanistic Psychology', Paul Rom L-ès-L. *Des. Tuesday 3 Oct. 7.30 p.m. Alliance* Hall. Palmer St, SW1. Visitors welcome 30p (students 10p).

LONDON YOUNG HUMANISTS. Lecture on the Church of Scientology by Paul Spencer-Smith at 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8, on Sun. 3 October at 7.30 p.m. Adm. 30p.

SOCIALISM IN CHINA Surges Forward. Public meeting organised by Communist Party of Britain (Marxist-Leninist) to remember China's National Day and commemorate Chairman Mao's living testament to world revolution. Report by recent Party delegation to China. Friday, 8 Oct., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Holborn WC1. 7.30 p.m.

HANSFORD-MILLER spks for England Sun. 3 Oct. Trafalgar Sq. 11 a.m.-2 p.m. ENP.

BUDDHIST SOCIETY, 58 Eccleston Square, London SW1. Sat. 2 Oct. 3 p.m. 'Open Day'. Tues. 5 Oct. 6.30 p.m. 'Introducing Buddhism'. Wed. 6 Oct. 6.30 p.m. 'Mahayana Buddhism' & 'Theravada Buddhism' — Two separate Study Classes. All welcome. Send s.a.e. for full programme.

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